

FULL
68 PAGES

NEW AMAZING STORIES



NO
40

Sinister TALES 1½

Read WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE
MAN WHO TURNED
LOOSE THE AWFUL
POWER OF...
**THE STRANGE
STONE!!**

YOU USED
THE STONE ON
OTHERS... BUT
NOW IT'S **YOUR**
TURN!

O'DON
WHITNEY



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SINISTER TALES No. 40

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THE STRANGE STONE



He was warned, but Jeff Norton went too far when he misused the power behind The Strange Stone...

PAUL REYNOLDS

It began on the morning the mailman delivered a package from far-off South Africa...

IT SURE CAME A LONG WAY, MR. NORTON! GUESS IT'S PRETTY IMPORTANT!

I WOULDN'T KNOW, FRED! I CERTAINLY WASN'T EXPECTING IT!



BUT AS JEFF NORTON STUDIED THE PACKAGE, THERE CAME SUDDEN AWARENESS...

CAN IT BE FROM UNCLE SEYMOUR? I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM SINCE HE WENT TO SOUTH AFRICA TO PROSPECT FOR DIAMONDS YEARS AND YEARS AGO! WELL...MIGHT AS WELL OPEN IT AND FIND OUT!



THE PACKAGE CONTAINED AN EYEGGLASS CASE, A SMALL METAL BOX, AND A LETTER, WHICH BORE DISTRESSING NEWS...

WHY, UNCLE SEYMOUR DIED A FEW MONTHS AGO, AND THIS IS HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT! I'M TO GUARD THE OBJECTS HE SENT ME WITH MY LIFE, AND TO GUARD THEM WISELY!

INTRIGUED, JEFF READ ON...

IT BECOMES MORE MYSTERIOUS BY THE MINUTE!

...writing since you are my only close relative. And so I must warn you, do not open the box until you have read my letter through carefully.

over

SLOWLY JEFF READ ON, AND WHEN HE FINISHED, HIS THOUGHTS WERE IN A WHIRL...

IT'S ALL TOO FANTASTIC! THESE THINGS HE MENTIONS CAN'T BE POSSIBLE... AND YET UNCLE SEYMOUR WASN'T THE KIND TO MAKE JOKES!

BUT HIS THOUGHTS WERE SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED AS HIS PRETTY WIFE ENTERED THE ROOM...

I THOUGHT I SAW THE MAILMAN COMING UP THE WALK! HE SEEMED TO BE CARRYING A PACKAGE!

YES, DEAR, HE WAS... BUT... ER... IT WASN'T FOR US...

IT WAS FOR THE OTHER NORTON WHO LIVES OVER ON LARCH STREET! I SET HIM STRAIGHT!

YES, DEAR, OF COURSE...

IT WASN'T LIKE JEFF NORTON TO KEEP SECRETS FROM HIS WIFE, BUT HIS PRACTICAL LAWYER'S MIND TOLD HIM TO PLAY IT SAFE! LATER THAT DAY, JUST BEFORE CLOSING TIME, NORTON ARRIVED AT THE CITY'S ZOOLOGICAL PARK...

CAUTIOUSLY HE APPROACHED THE TIGER'S CAGE, MAKING CERTAIN FIRST TO DON THE SPECIAL DARK GLASSES THAT HAD COME IN THE PACKAGE...



AS JEFF APPROACHED, THE CAGED BEAST SNARLED WITH ALL ITS JUNGLE HATRED! SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY, JEFF RAISED THE LID OF THE SMALL METAL BOX...



AND THEY'RE COMING FROM A STONE, ALL RIGHT! SO FAR, IT'S CHECKING OUT!



BUT AS THE RAYS FLOATED ABOUT THE TIGER'S EYES, THE STRANGEST EFFECT TOOK PLACE...



ONE MOMENT HE WAS A RAGING BEAST, AND NOW, IF I WANTED, I COULD REACH IN AND TUG HIS WHISKERS! UNCLE SEYMOUR WAS RIGHT! THIS STRANGE STONE'S POWER STAGGERS THE IMAGINATION!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, JEFF NORTON LEFT, HIS MIND STEEPED IN THOUGHT...



BUT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO A PERSON IF HE WERE SUBJECTED TO THE STONE'S RAYS? WOULD THEY ROB HIM OF HIS WILL, SUBDUCE HIM IN THE SAME WAY AS THEY DID THE TIGER... PRODUCE A STATE OVER WHICH HE HAD NO CONTROL?



WHEN JEFF RETURNED, A CHANGE WAS ALREADY APPARENT...

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, DARLING? YOU DIDN'T SAY WHERE YOU WERE GOING AND...

FORGET IT, MADGE! MUST I TELL YOU EVERYTHING?



DEEP DOWN IN HIS MIND, THERE WAS AN IDEA! IT EMERGED WHEN A WEALTHY CLIENT CAME TO HIM FOR ADVICE...

IT'S ABOUT THE PROPERTY I OWN ON FRONT STREET! I'VE HAD WONDERFUL OFFERS FOR IT, BUT I WONDER IF I SHOULDN'T HOLD OUT! WHAT DO YOU THINK, NORTON?

WAIT A MINUTE, MR. WILSON — I'M THINKING —

WITH THE NEW PROPOSED DEVELOPMENT BEING PLANNED FOR FRONT STREET, HIS PROPERTY WOULD BE WORTH A FORTUNE! IF I COULD GET HIM TO SELL IT TO ME... AT MY PRICE...

I THINK YOU SHOULD **SELL IT, MR. WILSON!** AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU SHOULD SELL IT **NOW...**

...TO ME!

THAT LIGHT... DON'T...

YOU'LL SELL IT TO ME, MR. WILSON — SAY FOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! I'LL DRAW UP A DEED, AND THEN YOU'LL **SIGN IT, WON'T YOU?**

YES, MR. NORTON! OF COURSE! **WHATEVER YOU SAY!**

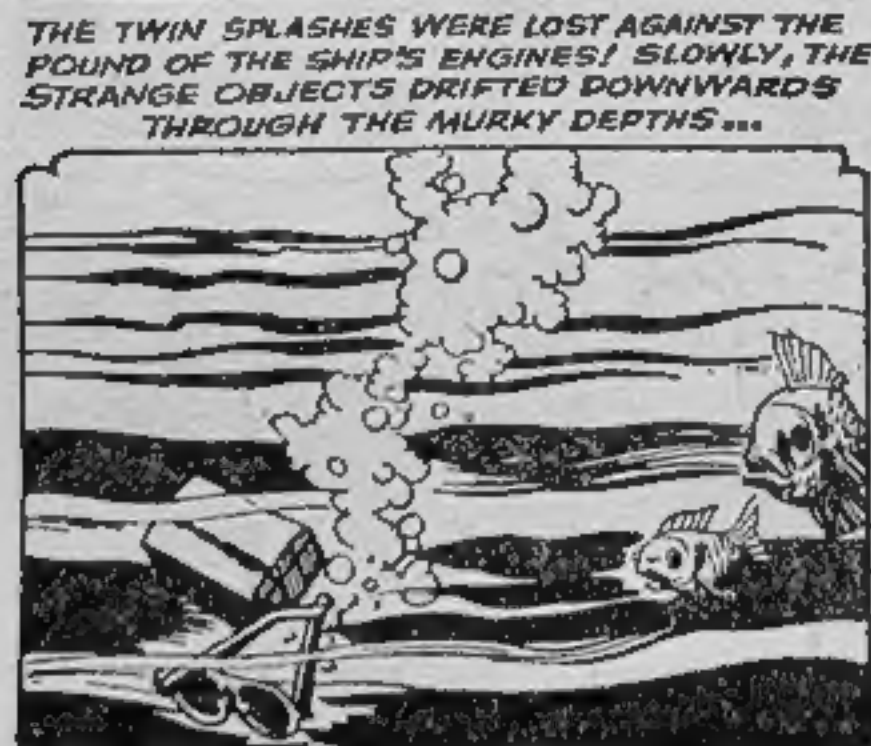
THERE — I'VE SIGNED IT! IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE?

NOTHING ELSE, MR. WILSON! YOU'VE DONE SPLENDIDLY! YOU ARE FREE TO GO!

IT WORKED! THE RAYS FROM THE STONE PUT HIM COMPLETELY UNDER MY CONTROL! THINK OF WHAT THE STONE WILL BRING ME! THE POWER I CAN WIELD!







FOR UNTOLD CENTURIES THEY HAD BEEN MIGRATING ACROSS THE FATHOMLESS DEPTHS OF SPACE, A MYSTERIOUS RACE OF VAGABONDS. WHERE DID THEY COME FROM... THESE HOMELESS ONES? WHAT MYSTERIOUS GOAL DID THEY SEARCH FOR, THESE STRANGERS CALLED

The WANDERERS...

STORY: CHARLES LACOSTE
ART: LEO MOREY



THE YEAR 20,059! FAR ACROSS THE IMMENSE VAULTS OF SPACE, THE VRANGARS FINISH THE CONQUEST OF A GALAXY...

COMMANDER VORN REPORTING, LORD BARLAK. THE NEW BATCH OF CAPTIVES AWAITS YOUR PLEASURE IN THE SLAVE PEN.

MAMMALIAN BIPEDS, EH? AN UGLY LOT. LET'S HOPE THEY CAN STAND THE WORK IN OUR CESIUM MINES.

I UNDERSTAND THEY WERE SETTING UP A COLONY ON RENOX IV WHEN YOU CAPTURED THEM. DOES ANYONE KNOW WHERE THEY COME FROM?

NO ONE KNOWS THE ORIGIN OF THESE WANDERERS. ALL WE KNOW FOR CERTAIN IS THAT THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE PEOPLE, WHATEVER THAT MEANS!



BUT SOMEWHERE AMONG THEIR LEGENDS IS A STRANGE TALE OF A GREEN PLANET THAT WAS THEIR HOME AGES AGO THEY HAD TO LEAVE IT WHEN FOOD SUPPLIES FAILED...

A TYPICAL PRIMITIVE SUPERSTITION. WELL, LET THEM HAVE THEIR LEGENDS, AS LONG AS THEY WORK FOR US.

MEANWHILE IN THE SLAVE PEN -- HERE THEY COME TO PICK THE SLAVES FOR THE MINES. REMEMBER, EVERYONE WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL BEFORE WE ATTACK!

AND THEN WHAT BRAND? WITH THESE CHAINS ON OUR WRISTS, WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST THEIR BLASTER GUNS!



THESE VERY CHAINS WILL BE OUR WEAPONS. THE VRANGARS THINK WE'RE DEFEATED BEATEN. WE CATCH THEM BY SURPRISE-- AND THEN HEAD FOR THE SPACEPORT

THE SPACEPORT -- WE'RE RIGHT. THEY HAVE OUR STARSHIPS THERE. IF WE CAN BREAK THROUGH--

ALL RIGHT, SAY WE GET AWAY WITH OUR STARSHIPS. WHERE DO WE GO AFTER THAT? I TELL YOU, EVEN SLAVERY SEEMS BETTER THAN ALL THIS ENDLESS WANDERING AND SEEKING.

THE GREEN PLANET BAH! AN OLD WIVES TALE, A FABLE FOR CHILDREN. HOW WOULD WE RECOGNIZE IT EVEN IF WE FOUND IT?

WE'LL KNOW IT

WHEN THE TIME COMES. NEIL, THESE AMULETS THAT OUR ANCESTORS LEFT US TO WEAR WILL HELP US RECOGNIZE IT... SO THE PROPHECY SAYS!

YOU'RE WRONG, NEIL! THE PEOPLE WERE BORN FREE AND WE'LL DIE FREE! AND SOME DAY WE'LL FIND OUR WAY BACK TO THE GREEN PLANET.



ALL RIGHT NOW, GET SET, HERE THEY COME!



WITH BERSERK FURY, THE PEOPLE ATTACKED! QUICK, MEN, GRAB THOSE BLASTERS! WE'LL NEED ALL THE WEAPONS WE CAN LAY HANDS ON.





USING THE CAPTURED WEAPONS, THEY MELTED OFF THEIR CHAINS AND THEN WE MADE IT, BRAND!

WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET! HERE COME MORE OF THOSE BLASTED VRANGARS ON THEIR FLYING PLATFORMS.



IT WAS THEIR LAST CHANCE FOR FREEDOM! WITH FLAMING COURAGE, THEY FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH WAVE AFTER WAVE OF ATTACKERS.

CHECK OFF THREE MORE FLYING PLATFORMS, BRAND!

GOOD HUNTING NEIL!



BUT AS THEY FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH TO THE SPACEPORT -

OUR STARSHIP! THEY'VE GOT THEM DISMANTLED -

THEY WERE PROBABLY STUDYING OUR HYPER-SPACE DRIVES. THE VRANGARS HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING AS GOOD.



WE'RE TRAPPED! WE'LL BE WIPED OUT! WE WERE FOOLS TO LET YOU TALK US INTO THIS---

WAIT, LOOK! THERE'S ONE SHIP LEFT UNTOUCHED. COME ON, LET'S GO!



QUICK, EVERYONE INSIDE! NEIL, YOU TAKE OVER IN THE CONTROL ROOM, I'LL HOLD THEM OFF HERE UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE.



HOWLING FOR VENGEANCE, THE VRANGARS CROWDED CLOSE, UNTIL---

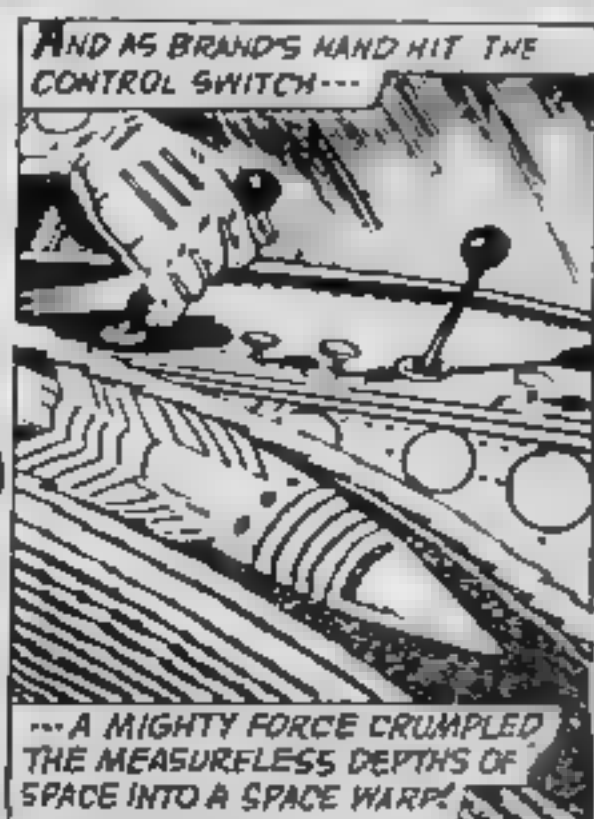
READY FOR TAKE-OFF, FRIEND!

LET'S GO! I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!



HERE COME THE VRANGARS! COME ON, NOW, H'T THAT BLAST-OFF SWITCH!

NOT YET, BRAND! I WANT THEM A LITTLE CLOSER WHEN WE BLAST OFF!



IN THE RELENTLESS PURSUIT THAT FOLLOWED, TIME AND DISTANCE BECAME MEANINGLESS LIGHT YEARS FLASHED BY IN MOMENTS AS BOTH SHIPS PLUNGED THROUGH THE DARK ABYSS OF SPACE. AT LAST THE VRANGARS' QUARRY EMERGED INTO NORMAL SPACE AND TIME --

NEIL, THAT PLANET DOWN THERE! THE GREEN PLANET!

NO BRAND, IT CAN'T BE THE ONE, THERE ISN'T A CHANCE IN A MILLION. AND HOW COULD WE TELL FOR SURE IF IT WERE?

THERE'S YOUR PROOF! THAT SYMBOL CARVED ON THE AMULETS THAT WERE GIVEN TO US BY THE ANCIENT ONES.

IT'S A PICTURE OF THE GAS AND CONTINENTS ON THE GREEN PLANET! THEN WE'RE HOME AT LAST!



THEN, ABRUPTLY--

THE VRANGARS! THE FLAGSHIP'S RIGHT BEHIND US!

THEY FOLLOWED US THROUGH HYPER SPACE SOMEHOW!

AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE BLAST BEAMS OF THE FLAGSHIP SEARED ACROSS THE INKY BLACKNESS OF SPACE --

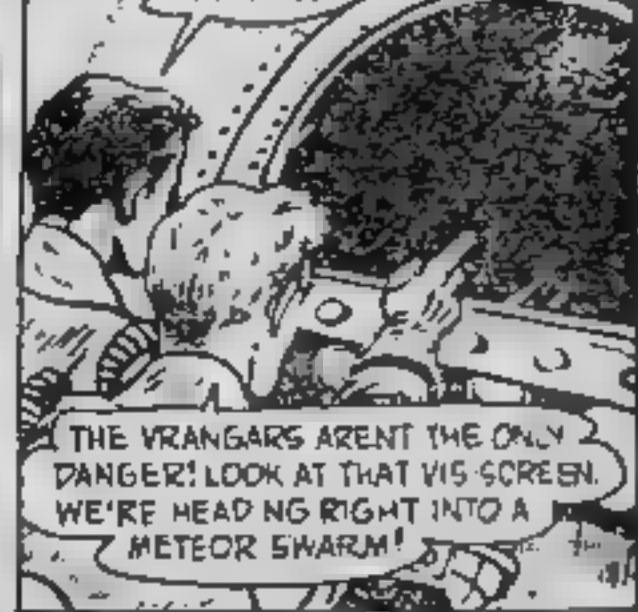
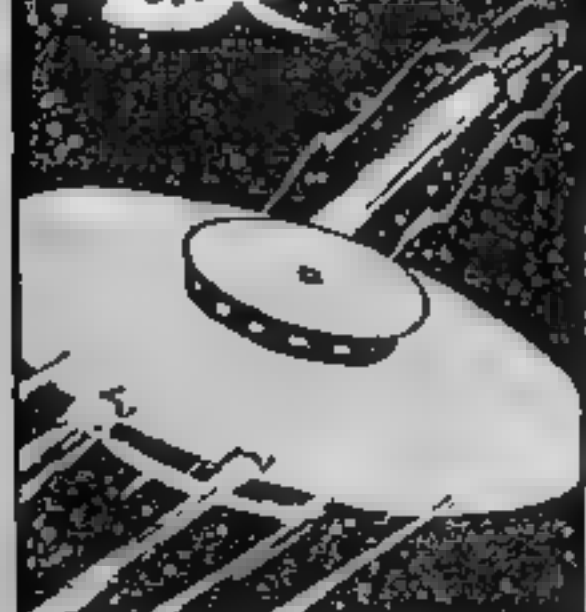
WE'VE GOT HER BRACKETED! THAT LAST ONE NEARLY GOT HER!

IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME. WE'LL TEACH THOSE INSOLENT PRIMITIVES TO DEFEY THE VRANGARS!

AND IN THE STARSHIP AHEAD.

BRAND WE'RE IN A DAM IF THEY CATCH US IN THE BLAST BEAM, IT'S THE FINISH!

THE VRANGARS AREN'T THE ONLY DANGER! LOOK AT THAT VIS-SCREEN. WE'RE HEADING RIGHT INTO A METEOR SWARM!



WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH FUEL TO GO BACK INTO HYPER SPACE. WE'LL HAVE TO STAY ON COURSE AND TAKE OUR CHANCES!

FOR ONE UNENDING MOMENT, THEIR LIVES WERE IN THE BALANCE AND THEN--

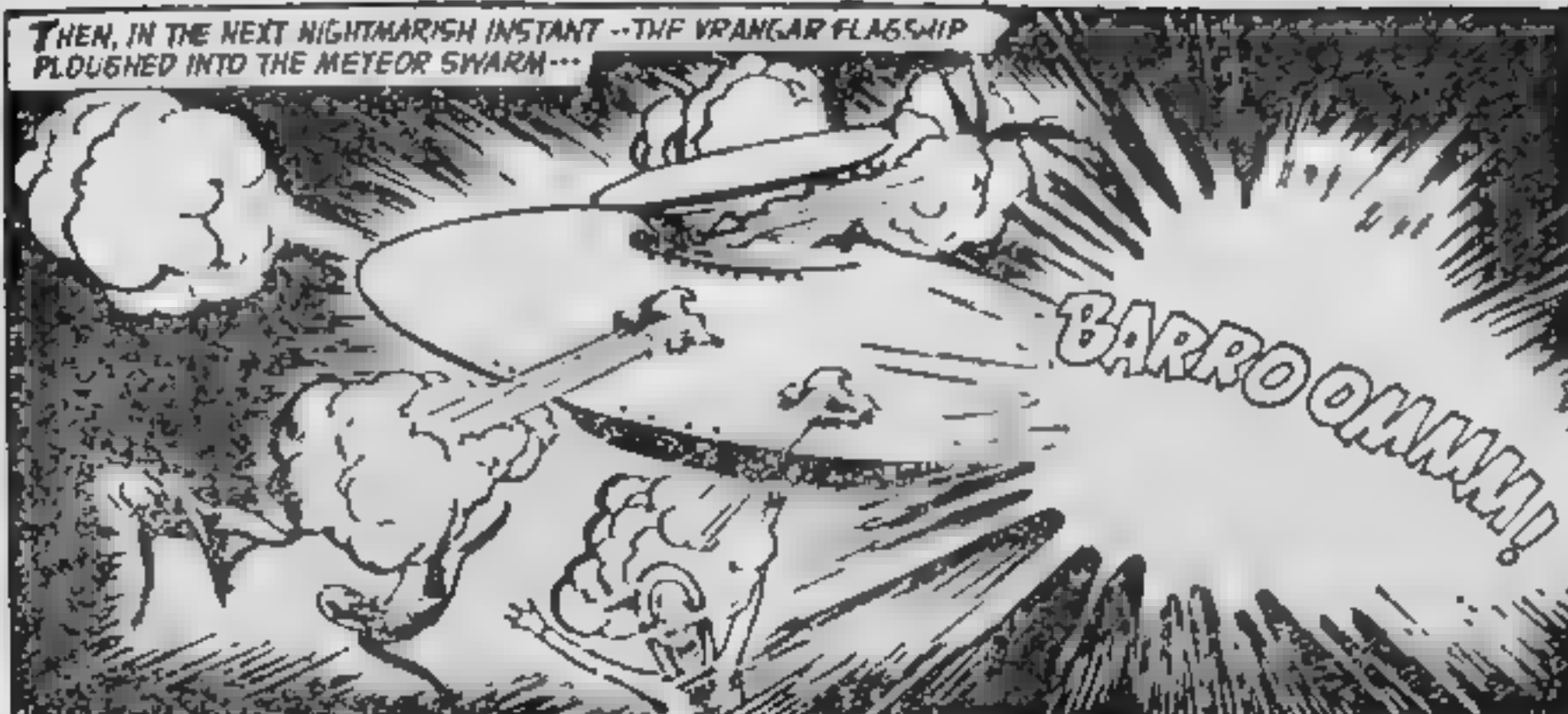
EEYOW! WE JUST MADE IT!

THE VRANGARS! THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US... THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO TURN IN TIME! THEY'RE GOING TO--

NEIL, I THINK WE'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH VELOCITY TO CUT AHEAD OF THOSE METEORS. AND WITH JUST A LITTLE LUCK --



THEN, IN THE NEXT NIGHTMARISH INSTANT --THE VRANGAR FLAGSHIP
PLOUGHED INTO THE METEOR SWARM--



THE VRANGARS --
THEY'RE FINISHED!
BUT THOSE METEORS
DAMAGED US, TOO.

WE'RE CAUGHT
IN THE GRAVITY
OF THE GREEN
PLANET! WE HAVEN'T
ENOUGH FUEL TO
FIGHT IT! WE'RE
GOING DOWN!

ORBITING THE PLANET, THEY
SOUGHT ANXIOUSLY FOR A PLACE
TO LAND AND THEN --

ALL RIGHT.
THIS IS IT!
WE'RE GOING
IN!

I'LL CUT
IN THE
RETRO-
ROCKETS!

SLOWLY, APPREHENSIVELY, THEY
EMERGED FROM THE STARSHIP,
TREADING THE EARTH THAT
HAD NOT KNOWN MAN'S FOOT-
STEPS FOR COUNTLESS
CENTURIES --

IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
BEAUTIFUL! JUST
AS THE LEGENDS
SAID IT WAS.

BEAUTIFUL, YES,
BUT THIS PLANET
WAS ABANDONED
BY OUR FORE-
FATHERS BECAUSE
THE EARTH WAS
EXHAUSTED
AND COULD NO
LONGER FEED
OUR PEOPLE.

NEIL, THAT WAS TENS OF THOUSANDS
OF YEARS AGO. THE EARTH HAS BEEN
LYING FALLOW ALL THAT TIME.
LOOK ABOUT YOU AT ALL THE
RICH GRASS -- THE
VEGETATION.

YOU'RE RIGHT BRANDEARTH
AS RICH AS THIS CAN GIVE
US ALL THE CROPS
WE NEED -- AND
MORE.

YES, WE'RE HOME NOW -- AND
THE CENTURIES OF WANDER-
ING ARE OVER HERE ON
THIS PLANET, THE PEOPLE
WILL BUILD THE FUTURE
ANEW!



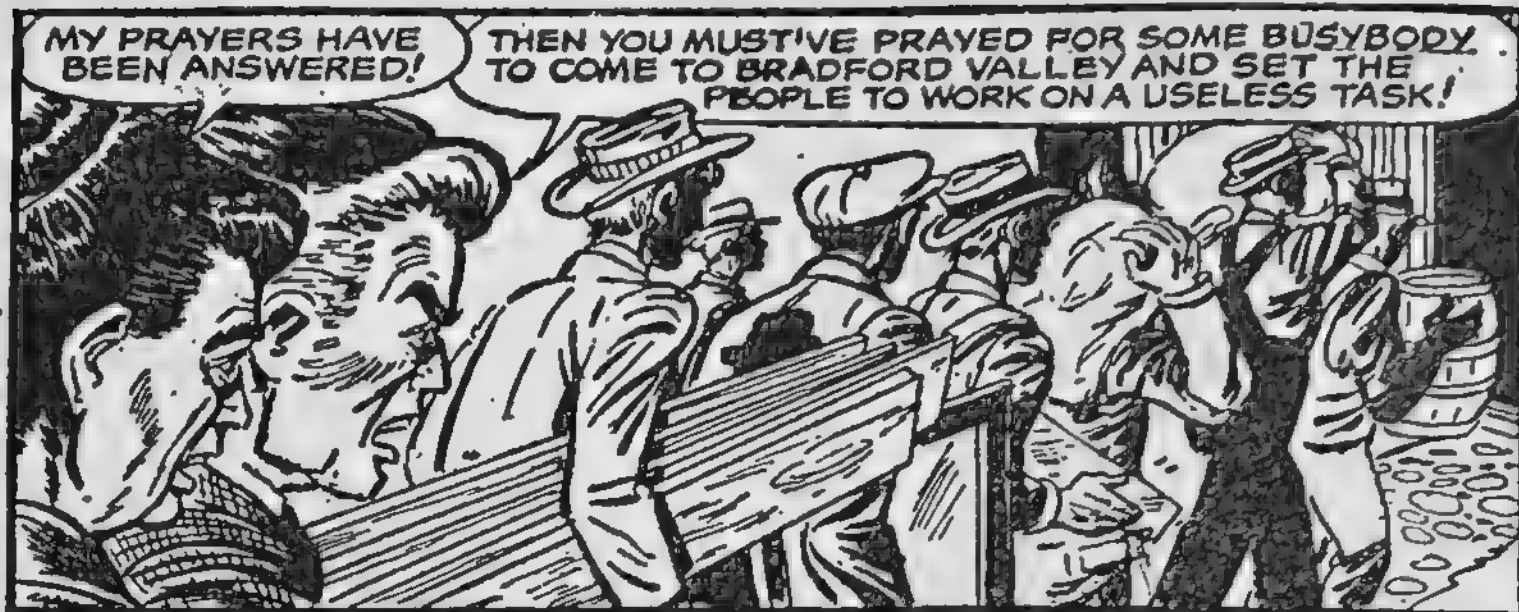
THE GOOD PEOPLE OF BRADFORD VALLEY WERE IN THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR UNTIL AN UNKNOWN VISITOR BROUGHT BACK THEIR COURAGE WITHOUT UTTERING A WORD!

THE SILENT STRANGER





SOON THE ANCIENT HOUSE WAS NO MORE, AND EVERYONE IN TOWN OBEYED THE URGE TO FOLLOW THE STRANGER TO THE FACTORY WITH PLANKS AND GLASS...



MY PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED!

THEN YOU MUST'VE PRAYED FOR SOME BUSYBODY TO COME TO BRADFORD VALLEY AND SET THE PEOPLE TO WORK ON A USELESS TASK!

NO, SAM, I PRAYED THAT SOMEONE WOULD SHOW US THE WAY BACK TO COURAGE!

WE'RE PERFORMING THIS NONSENSE AGAINST OUR WILLS!

THE STRANGER SPOKE NOT A WORD, YET ALL SEEMED TO KNOW SOMEHOW THE MEANS OF REPAIRING AND ALTERING MACHINE PARTS...



AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THE WHOLE TOWN FELT COMPELLED TO REPAIR AND PAINT THEIR NEGLECTED HOMES AND SHOPS...



MISTER, IT MAY BE THAT YOU ARE USING HYPNOTISM, BUT I WELCOME IT! EVEN MR. ROBBINS SUPPLIED PAINTS AND BRUSHES ON CREDIT!

AT LAST ALL THE WORK WAS DONE AND THE TOWN SPARKLED, BUT THE PEOPLE WERE ANGRY...

THE STRANGER IS TRYING TO SHOW US THE WAY BACK TO PROSPERITY!

WE'LL NEVER FIND IT HERE IN BRADFORD VALLEY! THE TOWN IS DEAD!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE FACTORY! BUT I'M JUST TOO TIRED TO DO ANY WORK!

WE CAN'T HANG BACK! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO RESIST HIM!



FOR WEEKS, THE FACTORY HUMMED WITH ACTIVITY...

MEANWHILE....



SPACE ROCKETS, SPUTNIKS, MOONPROBES... EACH DAY WE HEAR ABOUT NEW WONDERS UNVEILED TO THE HUMAN RACE! BUT THERE'S ONE MARVEL THE NEWSPAPERS NEVER MENTION, ONE HUSH-HUSH STORY THEY KEEP UNDER WRAPS! READ ABOUT IT NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME---

10 STRANGE TALE OF FLYING PHINEAS!

STORY:
KURATO
OSAKI
ART:
PAUL
REINMAN

**EXTRA!
'UNKNOWN
WORLDS'**

--THE NEW COMIC
YOU MUSTN'T MISS
--AT YOUR NEWSDEALER
This month!



AS CRABTREE'S ONLY MAILMAN, PHINEAS BUNKER WAS LOYAL TO THE CODE OF THE DEPARTMENT --BUT SUFFERED FROM THE HAZARDS OF HIS OCCUPATION--

MY FEET ARE KILLING ME, BUT I CAN'T STOP NOW. THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH!



AND IF ACHING ARCHES WEREN'T ENOUGH, THERE WAS ALWAYS THE DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT OF MAILS TO TORMENT HIM--

BUT MR. BEEGLE, I'M DOING MY BEST TO DELIVER THE MAIL ON TIME. BUT AFTER ALL, I'M HAVING TROUBLE WITH MY FEET--

NO EXCUSES, PHINEAS. IF I GET ANY MORE COMPLAINTS ABOUT POOR SERVICE ON YOUR ROUTE, YOU'LL BE FIRED! UNDERSTAND?



POOR PHINEAS! EVEN HIS FIANCEE, THE SHREWISH HILDA, REFUSED HIM SYMPATHY--

I'M SORRY, HILDA, BUT I CAN'T TAKE YOU TO THE MOVIES TONIGHT. I JUST CAN'T WALK ANOTHER STEP.

NONSENSE! THE ONLY THING WRONG WITH YOU IS LAZINESS! IF YOU WEREN'T SO SHIFTLESS, YOU'D BE DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT OF MAILS BY NOW. INSTEAD OF HORACE BEEGLE!



YES LIFE WAS ONE LONG
TORMENT FOR PHINEAS...
UNTIL ONE FATEFUL DAY...

CHARITY
BAZAAR

A BAZAAR --AND
THEY'VE GOT SHOES
ON SALE! WONDER IF
I COULD FIND A PAIR
THAT WOULD FIT ME
BETTER THAN THOSE
I HAVE ON!



INSIDE A PAIR OF SANDALS
CAUGHT HIS EYE...

THESE SANDALS...
THEY'RE NOT REGULATION,
BUT AT LEAST THEY'D
GIVE MY BUNIONS A
BREAK IN THIS HOT
WEATHER. THINK I'LL
BUY THEM!



FROM THE MOMENT HE PUT THEM ON,
THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT
THOSE SANDALS...

AMAZING!
THEY JUST
TOUCH MY FEET
AND THE PAINS
DISAPPEAR!



YEP, THE OLD DOGS
SURE FEEL BETTER!
BUT IT'S STILL MIGHTY
HOT TODAY. BOY, HOW
I WISH I WAS ON SOME
COOL SOUTH SEA
ISLAND RIGHT
NOW!

EVEN AS THE WORDS LEFT HIS LIPS, PHINEAS
FELT HIMSELF LIFTED UP AND HURLED
FORWARD...

HEY, WHAT
IN BLAZES--



ABRUPTLY HE WAS HURTLING THROUGH SPACE AT INCREDIBLE
SPEED...

THE SANDALS!
THEY'VE SPROUTED
WINGS!

PUT ME
DOWN! TAKE
ME BACK!



BUT THOUGH HE STRUGGLED TO TURN, TO GO BACK,
IT WAS AS IF HE WAS IN THE GRIP OF SOME
UNBELIEVABLY POWERFUL FORCE THAT HE
COULD NOT UNDERSTAND...

LET-
ME-
GO!



AND THEN ABRUPTLY IT WAS ENDED--AND PHINEAS FOUND HIMSELF FLOATING DOWNWARD! BUT WHAT HE SAW BENEATH HIM SEEMED LIKE A FANTASY--



CORAL LAGOONS!
GREAT SCOTT,
IT'S A SOUTH
SEA ISLAND!

THERE ON THE BEACH IT CAME TO HIM, THE HAZY MEMORY OF A TALE HE'D HEARD IN SCHOOL--



NOW I REMEMBER!
THE WINGED SANDALS
OF MERCURY, THE
MESSENGER OF THE
GODS! AND I'VE
GOT THEM!

I THINK I UNDERSTAND HOW IT WORKS. ONCE YOU WISH FOR A DESTINATION, THE WINGS TAKE YOU THERE! THEY WILL ACCEPT NO OTHER COMMAND UNTIL THE FIRST ORDER IS COMPLETED--THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T GET THEM TO TURN BACK!



IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT PHINEAS WAS AWARE OF THE APPROACHING THROG OF NATIVES--

WELCOME,
OH WINGED
ONE! HAPPY
ARE WE TO
SEE THE SKY
GOD COME
AMONG
US!



GOOD
GRIEF! THEY
THINK I'M
SOME KIND
OF A WHITE
GOD!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! LET ME TELL YOU WHERE I COME FROM--



DID WE NOT SEE THE WINGED ONE DESCEND FROM THE SKY-- WITH OUR OWN EYES? HERE! ACCEPT OUR HUMBLE GIFTS--

WHY--YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE SO BEAUTIFUL!

AMEERA IS
GLAD TO FIND FAVOR
IN THE SIGHT OF THE
WINGED ONE!



NORMALLY, PHINEAS WAS THE SHY AND RETIRING TYPE-- BUT AMEERA'S OBVIOUS ADMIRATION MADE HIM BOLDER--

I'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR ISLAND BEFORE. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SHOW ME AROUND?

IT IS AN HONOR
OH MIGHTY ONE!





BUT WHAT RATIONAL PERSON WOULD BELIEVE PHINEAS' STORY? THE TALE MADE MR BEEGLE ANGRIER THAN EVER...

--AND THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT HAPPENED! HERE, MR. BEEGLE, YOU CAN SEE THE SANDALS FOR YOURSELF. THE WINGS ONLY POP OUT WHEN YOU GIVE THEM A COMMAND!

DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL? HAND OVER THAT RIDICULOUS FOOTGEAR AND I'LL PROVE THE WHOLE THING IS POPPYCOCK!

MR. BEEGLE, IF YOU'RE PLANNING TO TEST THOSE SANDALS, I'D SUGGEST YOU TAKE A SHORT TRIP WITH THEM THE FIRST TIME--JUST TO GET USED TO THEM--

DON'T HAND ME THAT, PHINEAS. THESE THINGS WON'T FLY ANYWHERE!

WHY, I MIGHT JUST AS WELL SAY--"I WISH I WAS ON THE STAR ALPHA CENTAURIS!"

OH, NO! NO!



IN THE NEXT MAD MOMENT, BEEGLE FELT HIMSELF HURLED UPWARD IN THE GRIP OF SOME INCREDIBLE FORCE...

WAIT! PUT ME DOWN, I SAY!

IT IS WEEKS NOW SINCE IT ALL HAPPENED. OF COURSE, NO ONE BELIEVES PHINEAS' FANTASTIC TALE. EVEN THE HIGHER-UPS OF THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT--

I KNOW YOU'RE LOYAL TO BEEGLE, PHINEAS, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T TRY TO COVER UP FOR HIM! AND SINCE HE'S ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE OVER HIS JOB AS DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT OF MAILS!

YES SIR. I'LL DO MY BEST.



BUT THERE'S ONE PERSON IN CRABTREE WHO KNOWS THE TRUTH OF PHINEAS' STORY. HIS ADORING WIFE, THE EXOTIC AMEERA--

AND WAS MY MASTER SATISFIED WITH TONIGHT'S REPAST?

NOT BAD AT ALL, AMEERA.

OH, THERE'S ONE OTHER WITNESS WHO COULD ATTEST TO PHINEAS' STORY--BUT MORACE BEEGLE WON'T BE AVAILABLE FOR SOME TIME!

WHY DID I SAY ALPHA CENTAURIS? EVEN AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, IT'LL TAKE YEARS TO GET THERE!

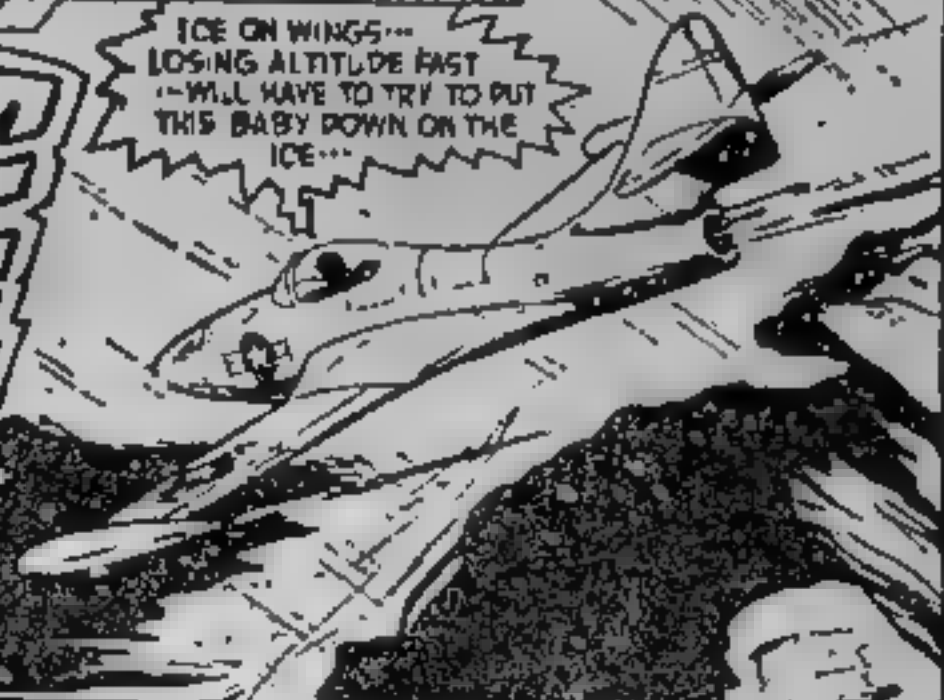


LT. DON JEFFREY FLYING WEATHER PATROLS OUT OF AN ALASKAN ARMY BASE RAN INTO A PIERCE ARCTIC BLIZZARD! HIS LAST RADIO REPORT WAS RECEIVED AT 8 34 P.M., JANUARY 9, 1954.

ARCTIC RESCUE

FAN FARE SERIES

ICE ON WINGS...
LOSING ALTITUDE FAST...
--WILL HAVE TO TRY TO PUT
THIS BABY DOWN ON THE
ICE...



THE CRASH LANDING DESTROYED THE INSTRUMENT PANEL! HE HAD NO WAY TO RADIO HIS POSITION! THOUGH BADLY BRUISED, HE WAS ABLE TO WALK...

I CAN'T POSSIBLY MAKE IT BACK TO THE BASE... EVEN IF THERE WEREN'T A BLIZZARD! BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY --IF I STAY HERE, I'LL FREEZE!



AFTER A FEW HOURS, HIS STRENGTH WAS NEARLY EXHAUSTED! HE WAS READY TO DROP WHEN...

GREAT GUNS, THAT SOUNDS LIKE A DOG! THAT MEANS THERE MUST BE PEOPLE AROUND... MAYBE ESKIMOS!

ARF!
ARF!



TO HIS AMAZE-MENT, IT TURNED OUT TO BE A LONE DOG A ST. BERNARD, CARRYING FOOD AND DRINK...

I'D HAVE BEEN A GONER IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG, PAL!

ARF!
ARF!



THE DOG SEEMED PERFECTLY TRAINED AS HE FOLLOWED ITS LEAD...

DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THEY HAD ST BERNARDS UP HERE FOR RESCUE WORK! WHERE'S HE LEADING ME? I MUST'VE LOST MY SENSE OF DIRECTION COMPLETELY IN THIS STORM!



HOURS LATER, WHEN DON HAD TO STOP TO REST...

SO YOUR NAME'S BOZO, EHT BOZO, PAL. IF YOU GET ME OUT OF THIS, I'LL OWE MY LIFE TO YOU! I'LL BUY YOU FROM YOUR MASTER---YOU CAN LIVE WITH ME FROM NOW ON LIKE A KING!



HIS EYES HAD GAZED INTO THE DISTANCE FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT---

WHAT THE---? THE DOG IS---GONE! BOZO---HEY, BOZO! WHERE ARE YOU?



THE STORM ABATED, AND WHEN DAYLIGHT CAME---

THE BASE! YOU DID IT, BOZO! C'MON, LET'S GO CELEBRATE!



SUFFERING FROM FROSTBITE AND EXPOSURE LT. JEFFREY WAS PUT TO BED IN THE BASE HOSPITAL! WHEN HE TOLD HIS STORY---

IT WAS ALL YOUR IMAGINATION, OF COURSE! THERE ARE NO BERNARDS AROUND HERE--- BESIDES, YOU ADMIT HE DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!

LOOK, DOC! WHAT HAPPENED WAS REAL!



WITHOUT THE FOOD AND DRINK BOZO BROUGHT ME, I COULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED THE NIGHT IN THAT STORM, AND WITHOUT HIM LEADING ME IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO GET BACK TO THE BASE SO FAST!

THE X-RAYS SHOW YOU DID EAT DURING THE NIGHT---ER, YOU MUST HAVE FOUND FOOD ALONG THE WAY! THERE'S NO OTHER EXPLANATION!



THE OFFICER WAS FURLOUGHED TO HIS HOME IN MAINE FOR A LONG PERIOD OF TIME. DURING HIS LEISURE SURROUNDINGS, HE GAVE WAY TO INTENSE BROODING---

BOZO---BOZO---THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT NAME! WHERE HAVE I HEARD IT BEFORE?

WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU SO, SON?





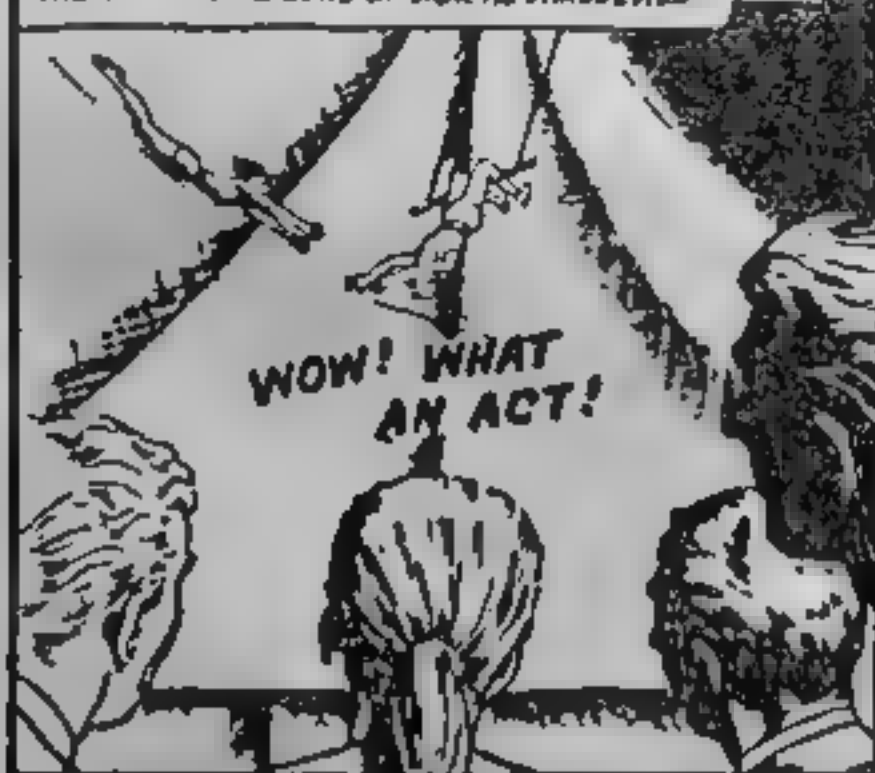
FAN FARE
SERIES

THE MIND-READING MACHINE

BILL AND FRANK HOWARD FOUND A WAY TO PUT THEIR THOUGHTS TO WORK THOUGH IT CONFOUNDED ALL THE WORLD'S GREAT SCIENTISTS AND PROFESSORS OF OCCULT PHENOMENA!

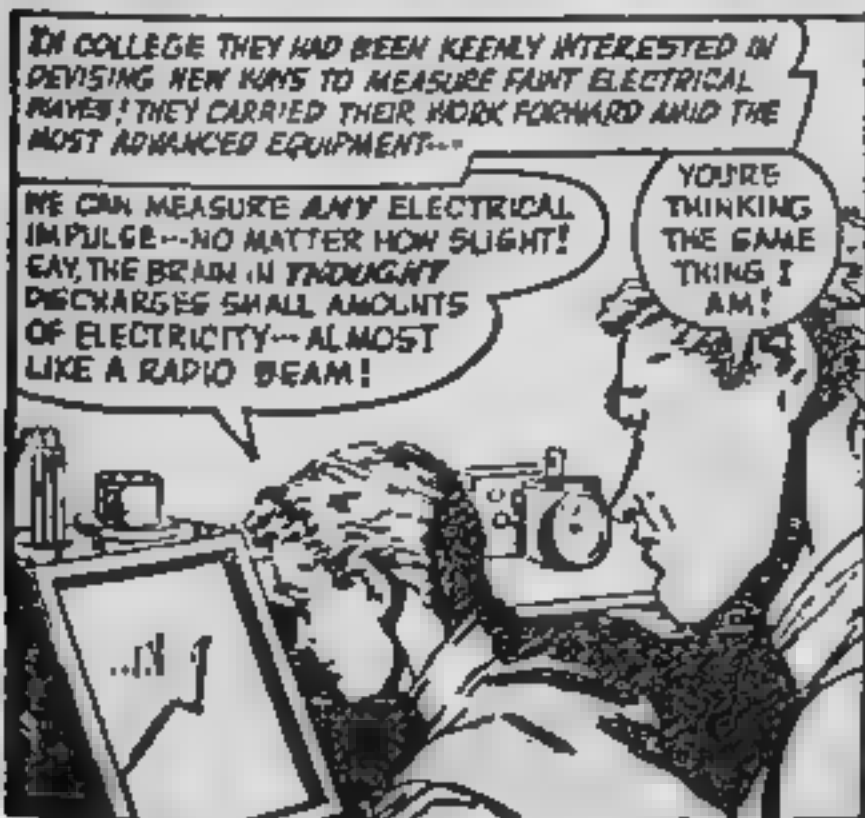
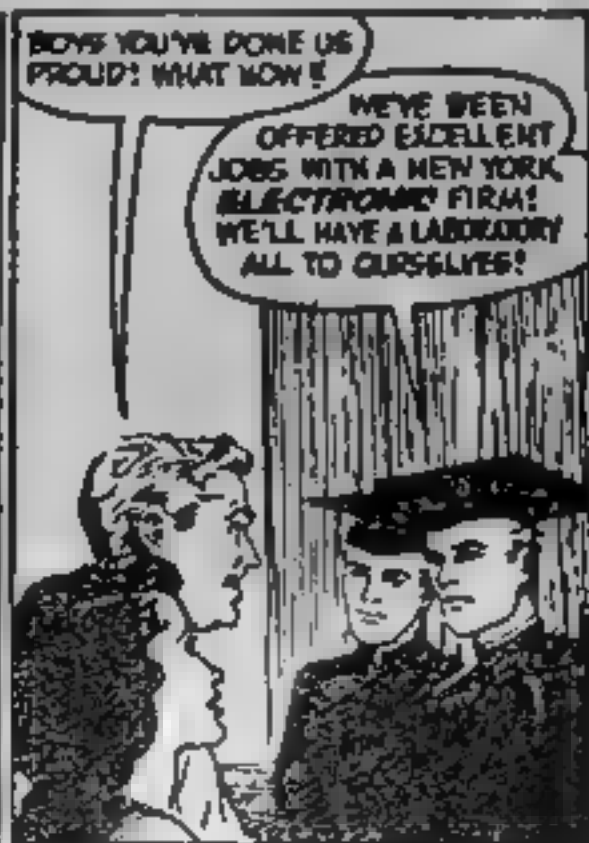
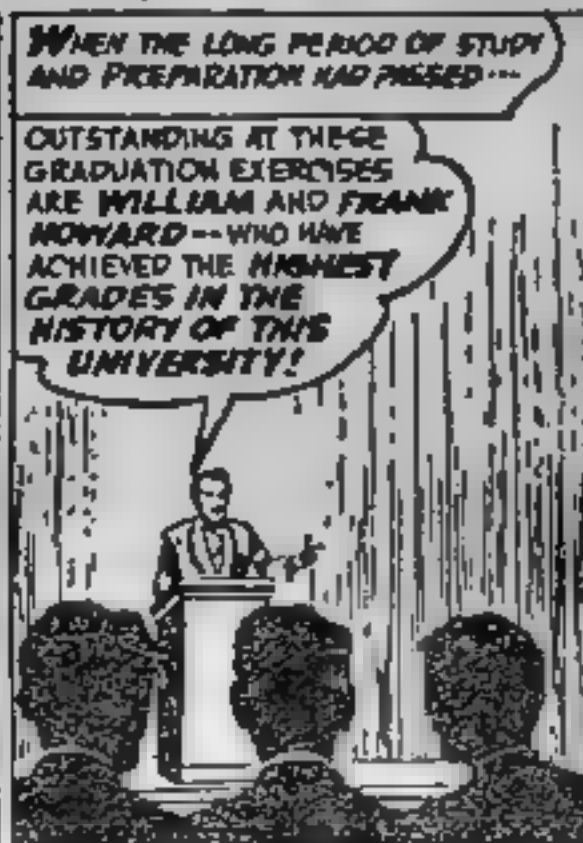
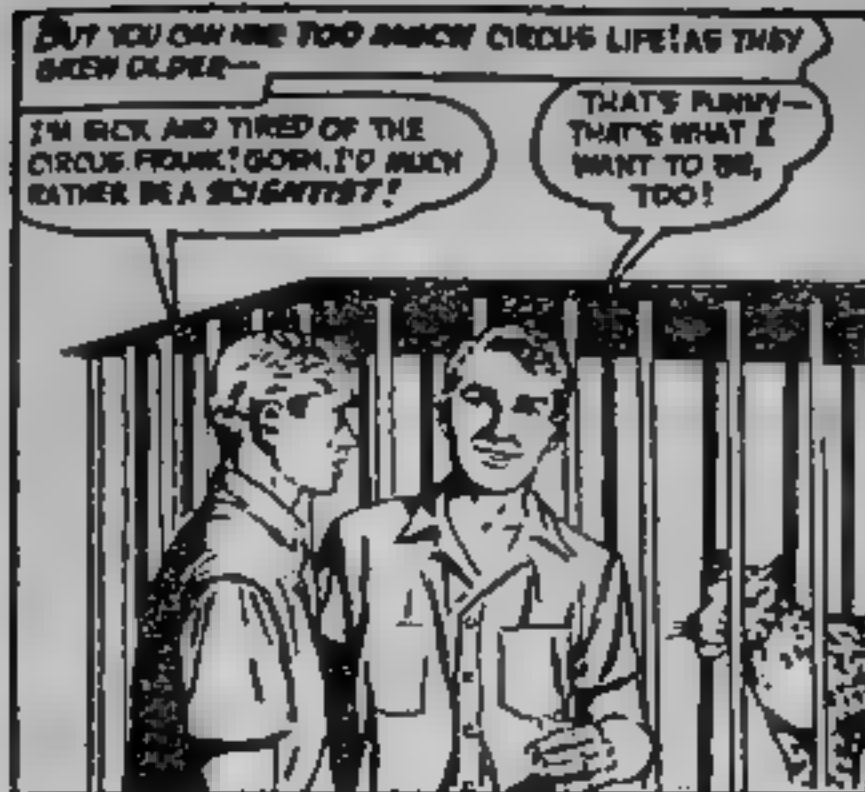


THE BROTHERS GREW UP IN THE HECTIC ATMOSPHERE OF THE CIRCUS, THE BOYS OF AERIAL DAREDEVILS---



UNDER THE GLITTER OF THE BIG TOP SURROUNDED BY FABULOUS PERFORMERS, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ONLY NATURAL FOR THEM TO THINK OF SIMILAR CAREERS FOR THEMSELVES---





WHAT BEGAN ALMOST AS A HOBBY BECAME THEIR ALL-ENGROSSING WORK IN THE FOLLOWING MONTHS --

I KNOW WE CAN DO IT -- THE PRINCIPLES ARE QUITE SIMPLE! ALL WE NEED IS A DELICATE ENOUGH MECHANISM!

JUST THINK IF THIS WORKS IT'LL BE LIKE A TELEPHONE WITHOUT WIRES -- AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO SPEAK!

MORE THAN A YEAR AND A HALF OF HEARTBEATING FAITH PASSED BEFORE ALL THE TECHNOLOGICAL PROBLEMS HAD BEEN SOLVED --

THIS HAS GOT TO WORK THIS TIME -- IT'S SCIENTIFICALLY PERFECT!

OKAY -- LET'S TEST IT!

THEY HAD BUILT IDENTICAL ELECTRONIC DEVICES AND NOW IN SEPARATE ROOMS THE MECHANISMS WERE ACTIVATED --

OKAY, BILL, I'M THINKING NOW! MY MESSAGE IS -- 'THIS IS A FINE DAY!' DO YOU READ ME?

Y-YES! YOU THOUGHT 'THIS IS A FINE DAY!'

IT WORKED! IT WORKED!

YIPPEE! IT'S ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST DISCOVERIES!

THEY TESTED THE DEVICES IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE WAY SEPARATING THEMSELVES AT EVER-GREATER DISTANCES --

OKAY FRANK, I'M IN A FIELD OUTSIDE CHICAGO! CAN YOU GET ME IN NEW YORK?

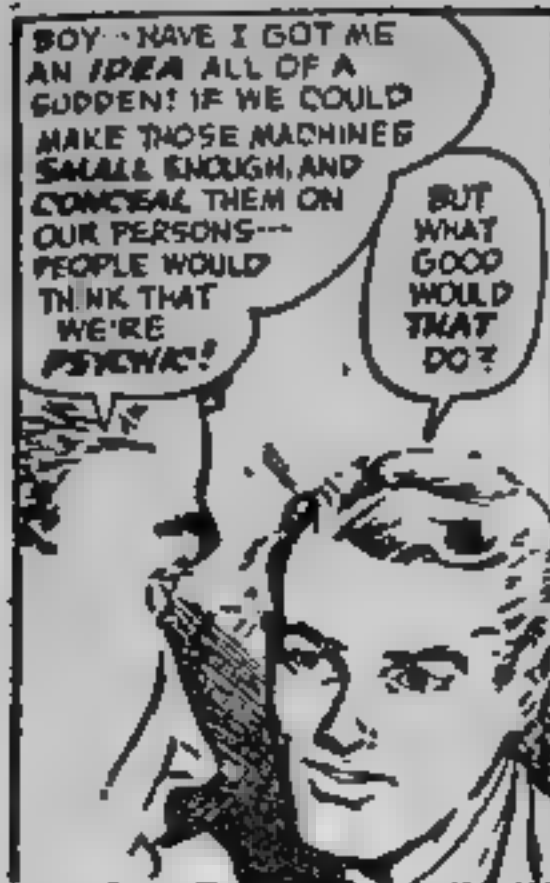
THE THOUGHT CAME THROUGH --

--IN A FIELD OUTSIDE CHICAGO! CAN YOU GET ME IN NEW YORK?

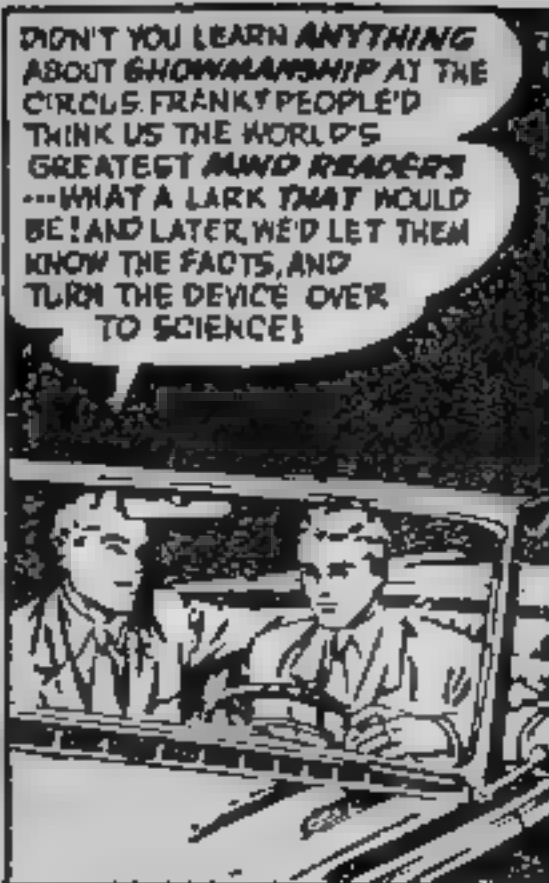
YES, I HEAR YOU PERFECTLY! THE DEVICE WORKS AT ANY DISTANCE!

WELL, I GUESS IT'S TIME TO LET THE WORLD IN ON OUR DISCOVERY! WHAT A REPUTATION IT'LL GIVE US!

WHY HURRY TO REVEAL OUR SECRET? LET'S KEEP IT TO OURSELVES FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE!



BUT WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT DO?



IT'S AMAZING ISN'T IT? LIKE MOM AND DAD WANTED, WE'RE GOING TO BE SHOWMEN AFTER ALL!



BILL AND FRANK WERE SEPARATED IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE WAY SOMETIMES THOUSANDS OF MILES APART--BUT ALWAYS THEY MANAGED TO COMMUNICATE--

SEND YOUR BROTHER THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE--

WELL, WHAT DO YOU HEAR YOUR BROTHER SAYING?



AS THE WORLD WONDERED...

MAYBE IT'S TIME WE REVEALED OUR SECRET BILL--MANKIND CAN USE OUR DISCOVERY!

LET'S WAIT I'M HAVING FUN OUT OF HAVING PEOPLE THINK WE ARE CAPABLE OF MENTAL TELEPATHY!



IT WAS NOT LONG AFTERWARD THAT FRANK HOWARD FELL IN LOVE AS AN INTERNATIONAL CELEBRITY, THE NEWSPAPERS FEATURED HIS ROMANCE AND WEDDING--

HOW'S ABOUT A KISS FOR THE BEST MAN?

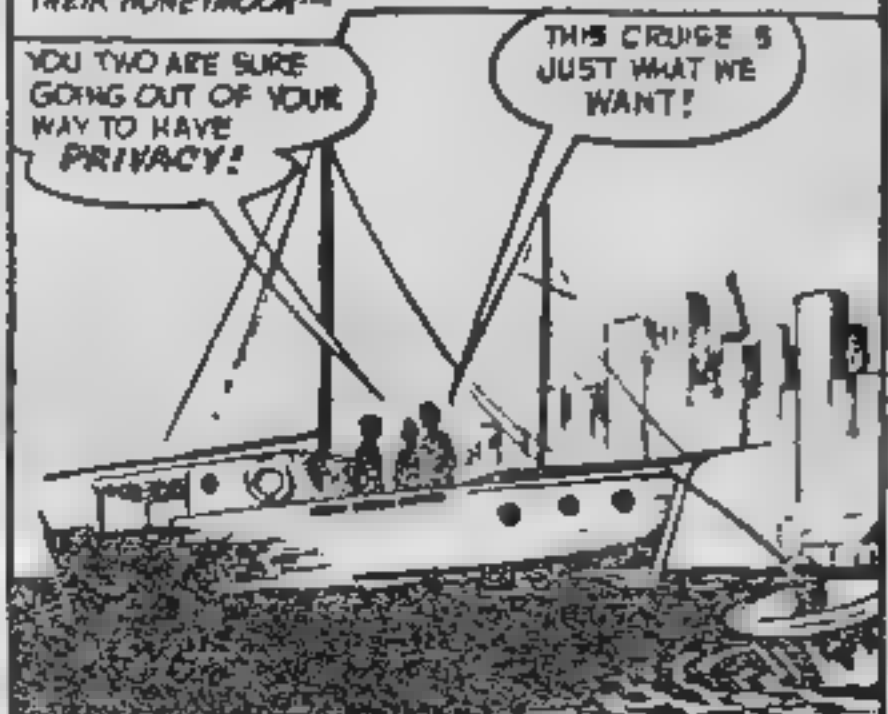
GET IT OVER WITH, BILL -- I'M NEXT!



THAT AFTERNOON, AS THE YOUNG COUPLE EMBARKED ON THEIR HONEYMOON--

YOU TWO ARE SURE GOING OUT OF YOUR WAY TO HAVE PRIVACY!

THIS CRUISE IS JUST WHAT WE WANT!



AS THEY SAILED TOWARD THE WEST INDIES--

HAPPY, DARLING?

YOU KNOW I AM! IT'S SO NICE TO GET AWAY FROM EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING!



THE SEA WAS CALM AND SMOOTH, THE DAYS BRILLIANT WITH SUNSHINE--UNTIL--

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE CLOUDS, FRANK! WE'D BETTER HEAD TOWARD LAND!

WE'RE TWO DAYS OUT! I'D BETTER RADIO FOR A WEATHER REPORT!



HELLO? HELLO?--DARN IT, THERE'S NOTHING BUT STATIC ON THIS THING! I CAN'T GET THROUGH!

[I'M SCARED, FRANK...THERE ARE PLENTY OF HURRICANES IN THESE WATERS!]





THE HOURS DRAGGED ON AND THEIR STRENGTH WANED. THEY KNEW THEY COULD NOT SURVIVE ANOTHER NIGHT IN THE WATER, AND ALREADY THE SUN WAS SINKING WHEN...

LOOK!
WE'RE
SAVED!

GREAT GUNS
...I GUESS THE COAST
GUARD MUST BE
MAKING A ROUTINE
CHECK AFTER
THAT STORM!

BUT WHEN THE PLANE LANDED, IT WAS
BILL WHO EMERGED...

THANK GOODNESS I GOT
YOUR MESSAGE FRANK!
WE'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR YOU ALL DAY!

M-MY
MESSAGE?
BUT BILL, I
WASN'T HEARING
THE DEVICE!

AS THE PLANE WING'D TOWARD THE
MAINLAND THE BROTHERS STARED AT
EACH OTHER IN STARK AMAZEMENT...

I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU
TWO! WHAT'S THIS DEVICE YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT?

FRANK I GOT YOUR
DISTRESS CALL CLEAR
AS DAY! BUT HOW
COULD I IF...

ON THE WAY TO NEW YORK, MARGE LEARNED THE TRUTH! AN
INCREDIBLE POSSIBILITY FLICKERED IN ALL THEIR MINDS...

BOTH THESE GADGETS ARE
IN PERFECT ORDER! WE'VE NEVER
TESTED THEM ON ANOTHER PERSON
...SO LET'S TRY IT WITH MARGE!

OKAY I'LL
TAKE HER
INTO THE
OTHER
ROOM!

MOMENTS LATER...

OKAY MARGE I'M
SENDING! DO YOU
READ MY THOUGHTS?

I...I DON'T
GET A
THING!

THOUGH THE DEVICES WERE IN PERFECT CONDITION,
THEY DID NOT WORK WITH MARGE!

I...I THINK I UNDERSTAND NOW!
WE NEVER INVENTED ANYTHING
...WE JUST THOUGHT WE HAD!
ALL THIS TIME WE REALLY DID
POSSESS... MENTAL
TELEPATHY!

DON'T YOU SEE? WE
THOUGHT OUR "INVENTION"
WAS DOING IT... BUT ALL
ALONG IT WAS
OURSELVES! THE
INVENTION IS
WORTHLESS!

GREAT SCOTT, BILL
...AND I WANTED TO
ANNOUNCE IT TO THE
WORLD! IT WOULDN'T
HAVE BEEN WORTH
A CENT!

BEYOND THE GRAVES

"Can you give me just one authenticated case," said Police Chief Henry Larner, "Where we can definitely show that a person was able to communicate with the dead? That he did hear voices from the grave."

"That all depends upon what you mean by proof," replied Professor Leonard De Wolfe, head of the Parapsychology Department of the ~~State~~ University. "We have people who have made the statement that they have seen and heard from their beloved ones who have died. We have people who claim they are mediums, and can communicate with the departed ones. We have people who have used these mediums and swear confidential knowledge was given to them by their beloved departed ones."

"But if you want what you call modern day scientific proof, that I am unable to furnish you. Is it so important you have this type of proof?"

"It is," admitted the Police Chief. "I am up against something entirely different in crime. It concerns one Arthur Ritter, a grave digger at the Mount Hope Cemetery in our city. We have checked this man out very carefully. He has no criminal record. He attended only the first year of high school, served two years in our armed forces, and drifted from one job to another during the course of his life. "He is now fifty-eight years old and has worked at the cemetery for the past five years. They have been completely satisfied with him in every respect. Two months ago he came to me with what sounded like a crazy story. As you may know from the press and the radio, Jole Mozo, the gangster, was taken for a ride. His body, riddled with bullets, was found at a dead end street. We suspected for a long time that Jole Mozo was the brains behind the hold-up of an armored truck in which a half a million dollars was taken in negotiable securities. But that was about as far as we could go. Jole given a wonderful funeral in Mount Hope Cemetery. And as you may suspect Arthur Ritter dug the grave."

Then Arthur Ritter asked to see me and told

me the story. That he has been listening to the dead talk. He claims that before they really leave this earth they remain in a sort of suspended state. The soul is taking leave of the body. He heard Jole Mozo talk to some others and boast about where he had hidden the stolen securities. In a place no person would ever think of looking: In the old document room of our public library.

"So Arthur Ritter went there and found the securities. He gave them to me and asked for the reward. The two insurance companies concerned had a standing offer of ten per cent of the face value of the securities as a reward. Which amounts to fifty thousand dollars. I saw that he got the reward."

"He could have been lying," suggested Professor Leonard De Wolfe. "He might have stumbled upon the securities and made up the story. Or somehow got wind as to their location."

"We thought of that," smiled the Police Chief. "So we asked him if he would consent to taking a lie detector test. He did and he checked out o.k."

"He might have convinced himself that the story was true," suggested Professor Leonard De Wolfe. "And hence the readings could not show he was lying."

"But this was only the start," continued the Police Chief. "A week later he comes to me with another story. "For the past three years we have been looking for William Morgan the industrialist. He was last seen boarding a plane for Miami Beach. Then all trace of him was lost. There has been a standing reward of twenty-five thousand dollars for information leading to him if alive to finding the body if dead."

"Mrs. Morgan recently died. She was buried in Mount Hope Cemetery. And Arthur Ritter said he heard her talking to others. Boasting of how she had killed her husband in a fight. Didn't know what to do with the body until her brother suggested that they bury him be-

death the garage floor. This was done. Then the brother dressed like Mr. Morgan and took the plane to Miami Beach.

"I got a search warrant out this time and sure enough we found the body. We arrested the brother of the wife and he confessed everything. But he made it plain he did not do the killing. He only helped to bury the body and to impersonate his brother-in-law. And I saw that the grave digger collected this reward."

"If this keeps up," smiled the Professor, "The grave digger will give up digging graves and retire. He will be very wealthy in a short period of time."

"Wealthy he might be," snapped back the Police Chief. "But he maintains he must be in that cemetery. And he feels that if he stopped digging graves he would no longer hear those voices. I told him he had enough money and ought to retire. But he came back with a very sensible reply. That he felt he was an instrument in hands of Justice. He didn't know why he was chosen to hear and understand those voices. But he would continue listening. And as I added, continue to collect money."

"Then he came a week after that with an entirely different story. Two months ago Herbert Preston, head of the Preston Industries died. His lawyer swore that he made out a will for the millionaire, but it had vanished. There was the possibility, on one hand, that the millionaire had revoked it by destroying it. And there was another possibility, that some of the heirs who didn't like the provisions in it had found it and destroyed it."

"The Probate Court authorized the executors of the estate to offer a reward of ten thousand dollars for the finding of this will or information about what had been done to it. There thus existed a third possibility, that the will had been misplaced. And you probably have already figured out that Herbert Preston was buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, with Arthur Ritter digging the grave. Then he came to me with a story."

"Poor Mr. Preston was telling some of the other corpses how bad he felt. He had left two million dollars to worthy charities. Now some of his unworthy relatives would get it instead. Why? Because he had mislaid the will. He could see now where it was, behind the steel cabinet in his office on Broadway. I communicated with the lawyer and told him that I had had information as to where the missing will might be found. I did not tell him how the information was obtained. Only that the person who gave it to me expected the reward."

"The will was found behind that steel cabinet and Arthur Ritter received the reward. Now how would you explain this last one? There was no crime here at all. Yet Justice was accomplished by the finding of that will. And I can't figure out any rational explanation of how Arthur Ritter would know where the missing will was located. I have thought even of the possibility it was some other place. And Arthur Ritter had it placed there. But that is too far fetched. I am about ready to concede that he can hear voices from beyond the grave."

"I should like to meet this man," interrupted the Professor. "With his assistance we could do a lot for Science and Justice. Dr. Wicker of the State University died last month and he is buried in Mount Hope Cemetery. We know he was working on a new theory of atom splitting, but his notes are missing. If the grave digger could find out where they are I would be absolutely convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt. So how soon do I see him?"

"It may be today," replied the Chief of Police. "Yesterday he came to me with a terrible story. He had dug the grave for the body of Dr. Morris Bergender, the famous heart specialist. And the heart specialist told our grave digger he would die of heart attack today at three o'clock. So he first made out a will leaving all his money to a group of various charities."

"I had him immediately taken to the City Hospital. Our Police Surgeon then contacted two of the leading heart specialists in the city. They checked his heart and said it was o.k. But they both agreed to remain with him in the hospital. One doctor relieving the other. It is practically three o'clock now and I took the liberty of leaving your number with my man at the hospital. He is to call me exactly at three and tell me how Arthur Ritter is feeling."

Just about a minute after the Police Chief finished the phone rang. The Professor answered it and then handed the phone to the waiting Police Official. The Professor watched the face turn a deadly white. With a feeble effort the phone was placed back on the table.

"He died of a heart attack exactly at three," was the comment. "So he could have done nothing to remain alive."

"Not necessarily true," pointed out the Professor. "It might have been a case of auto-suggestion. If a man believes his heart is going to stop it is possible that the thought plus the created fear complex can accomplish this. But we'll never know just what happened beyond the grave."

THE END

RETURN JOURNEY

STORY: FREDERICK
MASTERS
ART: AL
WENZEL



THAT WAS A CHOICE NO MAN HAD EVER FACED BEFORE! THE STARS, THE UNIVERSE ITSELF LAY WITHIN MY REACH! AND YET THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE, A FACT I HAD OVERLOOKED --- AND ONE THAT PROVED MY UNDOING!

IT ALL BEGAN ON THE DAY WHEN OUR REPAIR CREW WAS MAKING SOME ROUTINE CHECKS ON A LINE JUST OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF WESTBROOK! I WAS JUST TIDYING THINGS UP WHEN THE RAIN BEGAN---

SNAP IT UP, EDDIE! THAT STORM'S MOVING THIS WAY FAST!

I'M TIGHTENING THE LAST CONNECTION NOW! WON'T TAKE A MINUTE!

THEN IT HAPPENED! A CRACKLING, SIZZLING FLASH --- AND THEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT---

KLA-POW!

OH-HH!



THE BLACKOUT WAS OF SHORT DURATION, AND I WAS DISTINCTLY AWARE OF BOB COMING TO MY AID, DISENTANGLING ME FROM THE FOULED LINES AND CARRYING ME DOWN! AND I HEARD THEM TALKING, AND THAT WAS THE STRANGEST PART OF ALL...

HE'S OUT COLD! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL!

RIGHT! I'LL GET THE STRETCHER FROM THE TRUCK!

I REMEMBERED THE RIDE TO THE HOSPITAL, THE DOCTOR WHO EXAMINED ME IN EMERGENCY...

H-HOW IS HE, DOC?

I'M AFRAID, BOYS! CAN'T HEAR A THING -- NOT EVEN A FLUTTER!

WAIT, I CAN HEAR IT -- A HEARTBEAT! IT MUST HAVE STARTED UP AGAIN! IT'S GETTING STRONGER!

YES, I CREATED QUITE A STIR AND THE FUNNY PART OF IT WAS THAT I KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON, EVERY SINGLE SECOND OF IT...

ONE OF THE STRANGEST COMATOSE CASES I'VE EVER EXPERIENCED! THE MAN IS IN A COMPLETE STATE OF BLACKOUT, AND YET PULSE, HEARTBEAT, RESPIRATION ARE ABSOLUTELY NORMAL!

AND ALL ATTEMPTS TO BRING HIM AROUND HAVE FAILED!

AT THE MOMENT, GENTLEMEN, THERE IS NOTHING FURTHER WE CAN TRY! SEE THAT A NURSE IS IN ATTENDANCE AT ALL TIMES AND ARRANGE FOR INTRAVENOUS FEEDINGS AT PRESCRIBED INTERVALS!

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG AFTERWARDS IT HAPPENED, BUT I WAS SUDDENLY CONSCIOUS OF A STRANGE FEELING--A TINGLING THAT RIPPLED THROUGH MY BODY--

I CAN'T HOPE TO MAKE YOU BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT-- BUT IT DID! THERE I WAS AT THE FOOT OF THE BED, STARING DOWN AT MY OWN MOTIONLESS BODY--

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

I'M NO LONGER IN MY BODY, AND YET I FEEL NO DIFFERENT THAN ALWAYS! I KNOW I'M NOT DEAD-- BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! W-WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME?

THEN I HEARD THE VOICE, CALLING MY NAME! THINGS BEGAN TO SWIM BEFORE MY EYES, AND THEN THE FIGURE EMERGED FROM OUT OF THE GREYING MIST...

I HAVE COME FOR YOU, EDDIE WHITE... TO GIVE YOU A CHOICE NO MAN HAS EVER HAD BEFORE!

YOU KNOW MY NAME! WHO ARE YOU?

WHO I AM IS UNIMPORTANT... BUT WHAT I HAVE TO SAY IS! BY ALL THE LAWS THAT GOVERN MANKIND, YOU SHOULD HAVE DIED WHEN THE LIGHTNING STRUCK! BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG, LEAVING YOU IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE... IN MY REALM!

YOUR REALM? WHERE AM I?

NEVER MIND THAT... A CHOICE MUST BE MADE, AND YOU MUST MAKE IT NOW!

WHAT CHOICE?

I CAN RETURN YOU TO YOUR BODY AND BRING YOU OUT OF YOUR COMA... OR YOU CAN CONTINUE AS YOU ARE NOW, NOT FOR AN ORDINARY LIFE SPAN, BUT FOR **ALL ETERNITY!** TIME WILL BE NO BARRIER TO YOU, NOR DISTANCE! THE UNIVERSE CAN BE YOURS, TO ROAM IN AS YOU PLEASE!

THE UNIVERSE— ETERNITY—

MY BRAIN WHIRLED, AND THEN BY CHANCE I NOTICED SOMETHING FOR THE FIRST TIME...

HIS FEET... CLOVEN HOOPS! WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

HURRY, EDDIE WHITE! TIME RUNS OUT! DECIDE NOW!

THE UNIVERSE, ALL MINE TO ROAM IN! TIME NO BARRIER! NO MAN HAS EVER BEEN OFFERED AS MUCH BEFORE! I'D BE A **FOOL** TO TURN IT DOWN!

AND SO I MADE MY FATEFUL CHOICE...

I... I'LL STAY THIS WAY... WITH ALL THE POWER YOU DESCRIBED!

SO BE IT! ALL WORLDS NOW LIE OPEN TO YOU! THE PAST, THE FUTURE AND THOSE AMONGST THE STARS! ALL YOU NEED DO IS **THINK** YOURSELF THERE! FAREWELL, EDDIE WHITE... **FAREWELL...**

IT WAS TRUE, EVERY WORD OF IT! I GAVE MY IMAGINATION FREE RANGE -AND THERE I WAS, BACK ALMOST AT THE BEGINNING, WITNESSING THE BREATH-TAKING STRUGGLE OF OUR PLANET'S DAWN---

GROWRRRR!



THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF TIME I TRAVELED, AND I STOOD BEHIND NERO HIMSELF AS HE CHEERED THE GLADIATORS IN THE VAST COLOSSEUM IN ANCIENT ROME---

ALL OF HISTORY LIES OPEN TO ME...
ALL OF IT!



FROM THE PAST I WENT TO THE FUTURE, AND I SAW THE THRILLING SPECTACLE OF MAN'S FIRST ROCKET AS IT LEFT EARTH FOR THE PLANET MARS---

WHAT A HISTORIC MOMENT TO BE ABLE TO SEE! I'M A REAL LUCKY GUY, ALL RIGHT



DISTANCE WAS NO BARRIER EITHER, AND SO I TOOK TO THE STARS---

I'M MOVING FASTER THAN A ROCKET---AS FAST AS THOUGHT ITSELF!



I VISITED PLANETS FAR BEYOND THE REALM OF OUR OWN GALAXY! WORLDS FAR DIFFERENT THAN OUR OWN---WORLDS OF BREATHLESS EXCITEMENT---

I'D SURE LIKE TO TALK TO THESE CREATURES! FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THEM---WHAT THEY THINK, BELIEVE IN!



BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! AS FAR AS THEY'RE CONCERNED, I DON'T EXIST, WHICH ISN'T FAR FROM WRONG---SINCE I'M INVISIBLE!



IT'S BEEN INTERESTING AND ALL, ONLY I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER! IT'S ALL SO ONE-SIDED! ALL I AM IS A SPECTATOR! SEEING THINGS, ALL KINDS OF WONDERFUL THINGS, BUT NOT TAKING PART IN THEM!



SO BACK I WENT AND THE SIGHT OF DEAR OLD EARTH WAS HEART-WARMING INDEED...

IT IS A NICE SIGHT, ALL RIGHT--BUT WHAT HAPPENS AFTER I ARRIVE? I'VE BEEN IN THE PAST AND THE FUTURE! WHERE DO I GO NEXT?

SO I CHOSE THE PRESENT TIME --A BOWLING ALLEY WHERE I USED TO PLAY WITH MY FRIENDS! NOTHING HAD CHANGED EXCEPT ONE THING--

I'M NOT WITH THEM--AND THE FUN WE USED TO HAVE! I LOOKED FORWARD TO THESE NIGHTS! I SURE DID!

FUNNY I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT **EDDIE!** THE TIMES WE USED TO HAVE! WHAT A BALL THEY WERE!

THAT'S THE TRUTH ALL RIGHT, AND NOW HE'S OUT OF THE PICTURE! IT'S SURE HARD TO TAKE!

IN THAT MOMENT, I RECOGNIZED MY TRAGIC ERROR! WHAT WAS THE GOOD OF ETERNAL LIFE IF IT ROBBED YOU OF COMPANIONSHIP--THE ONE THING THAT MADE LIFE PURPOSEFUL AND WORTH-WHILE--

I'VE BEEN A FOOL! IF I ONLY HAD THE CHANCE TO CHANGE THINGS BACK THE WAY THEY WERE!

THEN I HEARD IT AGAIN--THE STRANGE, HOLLOW TONED VOICE OF THE MYSTERIOUS CLOAKED FIGURE! ONCE AGAIN, A GREY MIST SWIRLED AROUND ME--

SO YOU REPENT, EDDIE WHITE! YOU REGRET YOUR CHOICE!

YES! I WAS WRONG! WHAT I GAINED IS FAR LESS THAN WHAT I LOST --AND I MUST GO ON THIS WAY, FOR ALL ETERNITY!

PERHAPS **NOT!** THE POWERS THAT BE HAVE REVIEWED YOUR CASE --AND HAVE BEEN **LENIENT!** THEY GRANT YOU THE RIGHT TO **GO BACK!** TO TAKE YOUR PLACE IN YOUR OWN WORLD ONCE MORE AS YOU DID IN THE PAST!

I...I CAN GO BACK? I CAN?

IT WAS SNOWING WHEN WE REACHED THE STEPS OF THE HOSPITAL! OUR JOURNEY WAS ALMOST AT AN END--

YOUR BODY, YOUR PHYSICAL SELF, IS IN THE SAME ROOM AS WHEN YOU LEFT! NOTHING HAS CHANGED, EXCEPT THE PASSAGE OF TIME!

I REALIZE THAT! I WAS INJURED IN THE SPRING, AND NOW IT'S SNOWING! IT'S ALL OF SIX MONTHS GONE BY!

WE ENTERED THE HOSPITAL ROOM --AND THEN A CRACKLING SOUND RANG OUT! MY BODY QUIVERED AS THOUGH I WAS STRUCK BY A SUDDEN HIGH VOLTAGE---

OH-
HH!

THE NEXT MOMENT I WAS IN BED, STARING AT THE STARTLED NURSE---AND MY HOODED COMPANION WAS GONE---

DOCTOR
WEBSTER!
QUICK! HE'S
COME TO!

IT WAS QUITE A MOMENT, BUT THE REAL SHOCK WAS THE PASSAGE OF TIME! MY BLACKOUT HADN'T BEEN FOR A DURATION OF SIX MONTHS, BUT SIX YEARS---

AND I'VE BEEN
IN THIS STRANGE
COMA ALL THESE
YEARS?

THAT'S RIGHT!
QUITE FRANKLY,
WE WERE BEGINNING
TO GIVE UP ON
YOU!

OF COURSE, COMAS OF THIS
KIND WILL VARY FROM PATIENT
TO PATIENT! SOME SUFFER
A COMPLETE PERIOD OF BLACK-
OUT, WHILE OTHERS HAVE
HALLUCINATIONS OR DREAMS
OF A STRANGE, LIFE-LIKE
NATURE!

I SEE---

IT SET ME WONDERING! WAS THAT
ALL IT HAD BEEN--A DREAM, AN
HALLUCINATION? I MADE THEM
WHEEL ME TO THE WINDOW! IT WAS
SNOWING, JUST THE SAME AS WHEN
I HAD ENTERED THE BUILDING, AND
THERE IN THE NEWLY-FALLEN SNOW,
I SAW THEM---

CLOVEN
HOOF-PRINTS!
IT WAS NO
DREAM!

YES, IT'S THE SAME OLD
WORLD OUT THERE, EVEN IF
YOU HAVE BEEN OUT OF IT,
SO TO SPEAK! OF COURSE,
LOSING SIX YEARS OUT
OF ONE'S LIFE IS QUITE
A LOSS!

YES, DOCTOR, BUT
NOTHING IS EVER A
TOTAL LOSS! IN A
WAY, I LEARNED
SOMETHING TOO,
STRANGE AS IT
MAY SOUND!

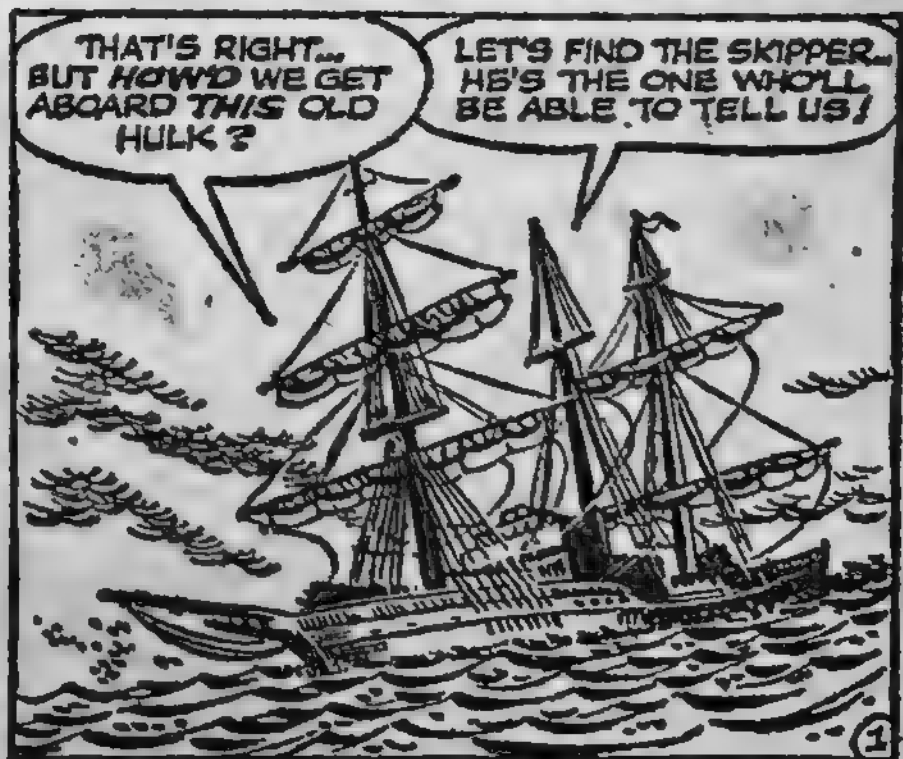
I COULDN'T TELL THEM MY STORY! BUT WHEN I SPOKE
AGAIN, EVERY WORD CAME STRAIGHT FROM MY HEART--

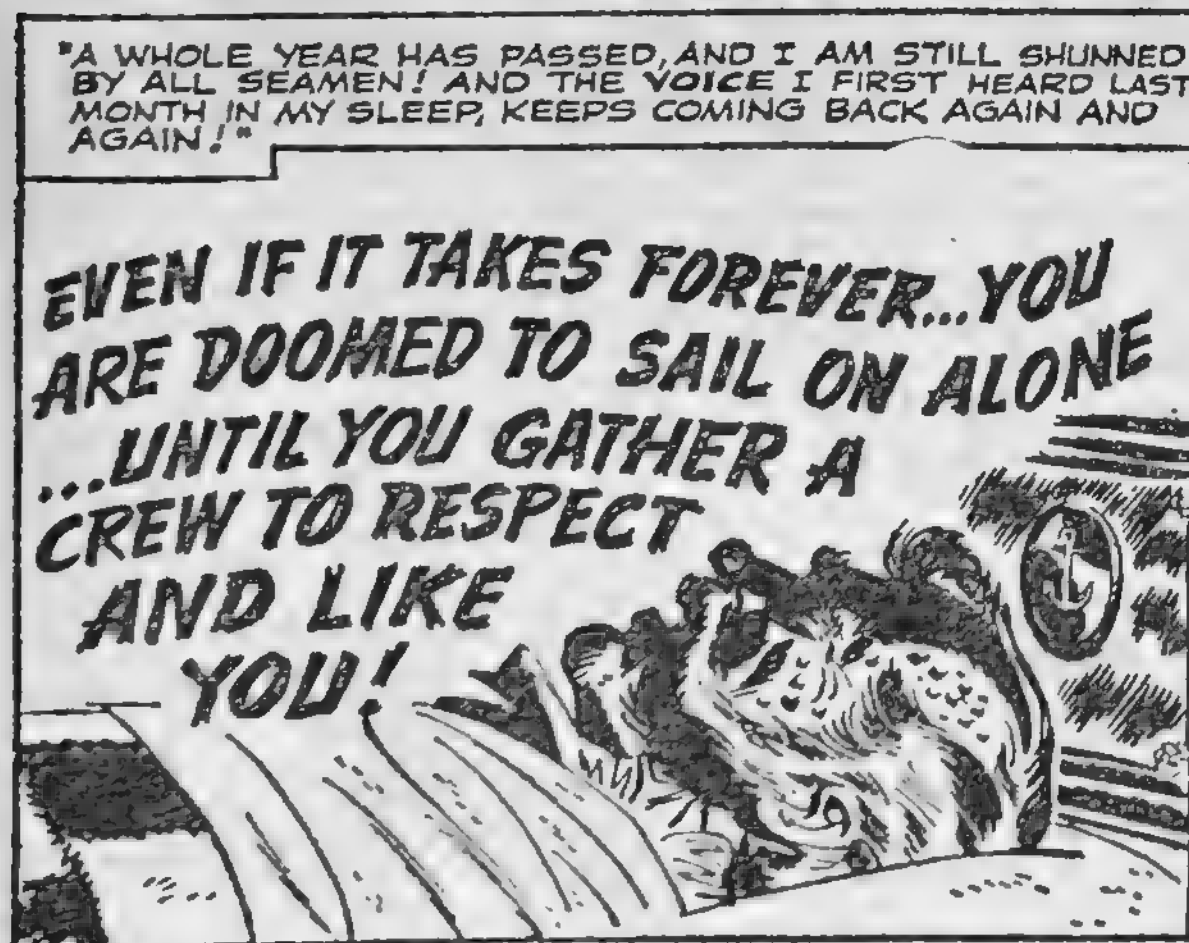
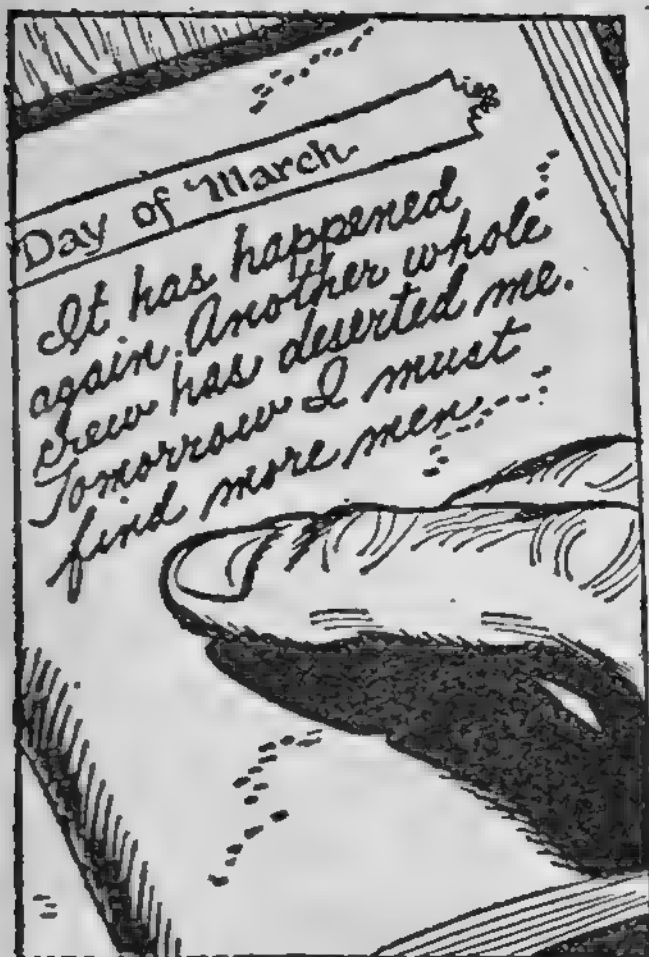
IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE
PART OF THINGS AGAIN, TO
KNOW YOU BELONG! ANY
WAY YOU LOOK AT IT, I'M
A VERY LUCKY
GUY!

END

LIKE VAPORS STEAMING UP FROM HISSING WATER, STRANGE TALES KEEP RISING FROM THE SEA! AND THE STRANGEST, GRIMMEST TALE OF THEM ALL IS...

the Mystery of the DOOMED DERELICT!





"BUT NOW, EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED! I AM DOOMED NO LONGER! FOR TODAY, IN A WATERFRONT SHOP, I FOUND A BOOK!"



THAT WAS THE LAST ENTRY!

WHAT DOES IT MEAN? THAT WE WERE BROUGHT HERE BY MAGIC TO SERVE UNDER THE DOOMED CAPTAIN?

IF SO... WHERE IS HE?



AT YOUR SERVICE, MEN! JOSIAH WEDGEWOOD IS MY NAME! DO AS YOU'RE TOLD, AND YOU'LL FIND ME TO BE AS FAIR AND EASY-GOING A SKIPPER AS ANY YOU'VE EVER SERVED UNDER!



HEY... HE DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A BAD SORT!

KNOW WHAT I THINK? HE'S BEEN CHANGED BY WHAT'S HAPPENED. LET'S WORK FOR HIM, MATES!



YOU'VE FOUND YOURSELF A WILLING CREW, SIR!

I'M GRATEFUL! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH THIS MEANS TO ME!



JUST THEN, THE SHIP THAT HAD BEEN DOOMED HEELED SHARPLY...



KEEP MOVING! KEEP MOVING, YOU LAZY TRAMPS!





THEN IT HAPPENED... THE WHOLE CREW FELT THEMSELVES BLACKING OUT! AND WHEN THEY CAME TO...



IT WAS TYPICAL MUSEUM STUFF -- A MUMMY, RECOVERED BY AN EXPEDITION FROM THE LOST TOMB WHICH HAD BEEN ITS HIDING-PLACE FOR COUNTLESS CENTURIES! AND YET IT WAS MORE THAN A MUMMY -- FOR IT GUARDED A SECRET THAT MENACED THE WORLD ITSELF! HERE'S THE ANSWER, IN THE THRILLING TALE OF --

Three Eyes Look Earthward!

STORY: KURATO
OSAKI
ART: OGDEN
WHITNEY



FROM THE FIRST, I HAD HAD A STRANGE INTEREST IN EGYPTOLOGY --

THIS IS THE BODY ARMOR BELONGING TO THE PHARAOH **TUPONEK** ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL RULERS OF EARLY EGYPT! LIKE IT, ALEX?

GOSH, HE MUST'VE BEEN BIG! DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HIM, POP?



ONLY WHAT I'VE READ -- THERE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN SOME STRANGE MYSTERY ABOUT HIM! HE STARTED AS THE KINDEST RULER HIS LAND EVER KNEW -- THEN OVERNIGHT HE **CHANGED** -- BECAME ARROGANT AND CRUEL! HIS PEOPLE'S LOVE TURNED TO HATRED --

GEE, THAT'S FUNNY! HOW COULD HE BE GOOD ONE DAY -- AND BAD THE NEXT?



THE ODD PUZZLE FASCINATED ME! I BECAME AN AVID READER OF EGYPTIAN HISTORY -- ESPECIALLY WHERE **TUPONEK** WAS CONCERNED --

HMM...ON THE FIRST DAY OF THAT YEAR, HE SIGNED A LAW PARDONING ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS -- AND YET ON THE VERY NEXT DAY, HE ORDERED THEM ALL EXECUTED! NOW DOES A GUY CHANGE LIKE THAT, ANYHOW?



AT COLLEGE I STUDIED
ENGINEERING -- BUT ON THE
SIDE, I TOOK EVERY COURSE
I COULD IN ARCHAEOLOGY,
EGYPTOLOGY --

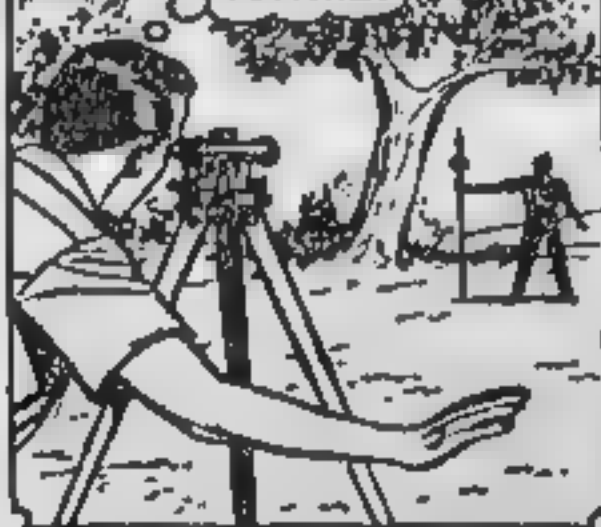
YOU'RE WASTING
YOUR TIME, ALEX!
WHAT'S ALL THAT
STUFF GOT TO
DO WITH
ENGINEERING?

NOTHING,
I GUESS --
BUT CAN'T A
FELLOW HAVE
A HOBBY
ON THE SIDE?



BUT SOON MY HOBBY BEGAN
CROWDING OUT MY CHOSEN
PROFESSION! NOT LONG AFTER
I'D BEEN GRADUATED --

GOSH, THIS
STUFF IS BORING.
IT JUST ISN'T
FOR ME!



I GREW TENSE, NERVOUS --
AND FINALLY, MY
DOCTOR ADVISED --

ENGINEERING IS TOO ARDUOUS
AND EXHAUSTING FOR A MAN OF
YOUR NERVOUS TEMPERAMENT,
MR. BRAND! A MAN WITH YOUR
NATURE AND BACKGROUND
SHOULD GO IN FOR SOMETHING
QUIET AND PEACEFUL -- LIKE
EGYPTOLOGY!



BUT THERE WERE FEW JOBS OPEN FOR SOMEONE
WITHOUT PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE WHO'D ONLY
MADE EGYPTOLOGY HIS HOBBY! FINALLY -- A
SMALL MUSEUM IN ORLANDO, FLORIDA --

FRANKLY, THE ONLY REASON WE'RE EVEN
CONSIDERING YOU IS THAT WE'RE TOO SMALL
HERE TO ATTRACT ANYONE EXPERIENCED
OR KNOWN IN THE FIELD!
BUT IF YOU WANT THE
JOB, IT'S YOURS!

I DO WANT IT, SIR,
AND VERY BADLY!
THANKS!



HE PROBABLY THINKS I'M JUST
AN ALSO-RAN, AN INCOMPETENT,
BUT I'LL SHOW HIM! I'LL
PUT THIS MUSEUM ON THE
MAP! WAIT AND SEE!

F.V. GREEN
CURATOR



YOU CAN'T START AN EGYPTIAN WING WITHOUT
EGYPTIAN RELICS -- AND I HAD ONLY A SMALL
BUDGET TO WORK WITH! I COMBED THE MARKET
CAREFULLY, PICKED UP A FEW MUMMIES CHEAP --
AND THEN SOMETHING ELSE WAS OFFERED TO ME --

WE'VE HAD THOSE HIEROGLYPHICS
TRANSLATED -- IT'S A PICTURE OF THE EARLY
PHARAOH TUPONEK, PAINTED DURING
HIS REIGN! YOU'LL HAVE TO CLEAN IT UP,
OF COURSE -- THAT IS, IF YOU'D LIKE IT!

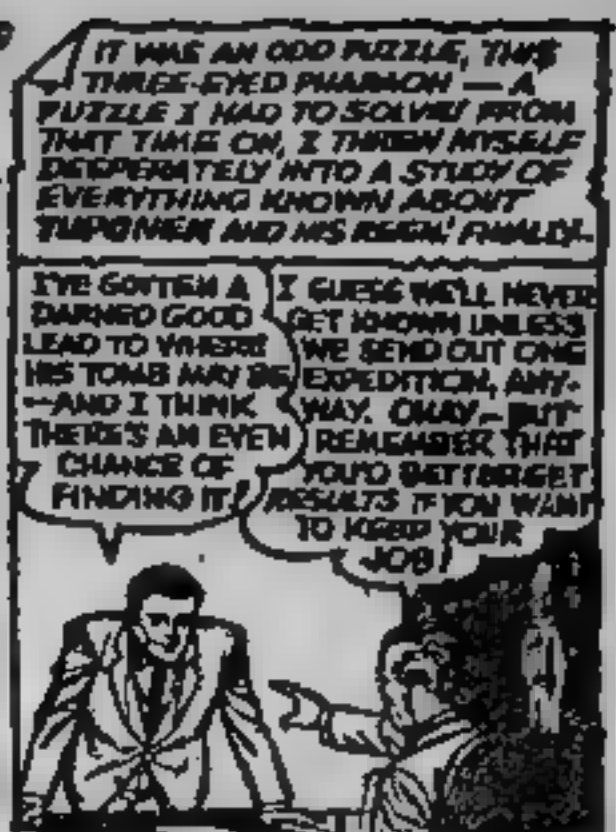
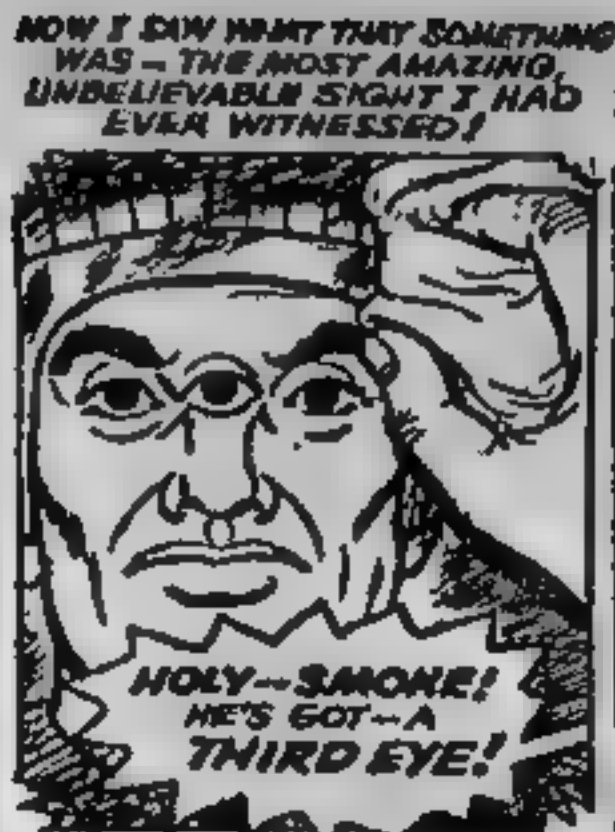
I'LL SAY I
WOULD!
TUPONEK --
WOW!



ALL MY LIFE, I'D BEEN HAUNTED BY THE STRANGE
MYSTERY OF THIS EGYPTIAN PHARAOH WHO HAD
CHANGED OVERNIGHT FROM A FATHERLY RULER
TO A DESPOT! I COULDN'T WAIT TO GET THE
ANCIENT PAINTING BACK TO THE MUSEUM --

IT'S COVERED WITH THE
GRIME OF CENTURIES!
THAT'LL HAVE TO COME
OFF BEFORE I CAN
EXHIBIT IT!





I T GAVE ME THOUGHT-- SO I DECIDED I'D OPEN THE MUMMY CASE, JUST TO SEE WHAT WAS INSIDE--

IT'S THERE,
ALL RIGHT--
THANK
HEAVEN!



WHAT THE--!
THE WRAPPINGS ARE
RIPPED-- FROM
THE **INSIDE!**



I ADMIT THAT I WAS SCARED-- SO PANIC STRICKEN THAT I RAN! BUT OUTSIDE, I COLLECTED MYSELF--

NOW, WAIT A SECOND, FELLA! THIS ISN'T A SCAREY MOVIE! IT WAS MY IMAGINATION, OF COURSE-- I'LL GO BACK AND PROVE IT TO MYSELF--

ALEX BRAND
BERT OF
EGYPTOLOGY



AT THAT, HOWEVER, IT TOOK SOME TIME BEFORE I WAS ABLE TO FORCE MYSELF TO GO BACK. AND THERE--I GOT THE BIGGEST SHOCK IN MY LIFE!

NO--NO--IT C-CAN'T
BE! IT'S TUPONEK--
BUT HOW DID HE G-GET
OUT OF THOSE
WRAPPINGS?



I DON'T KNOW HOW I MADE MYSELF DO IT-- I HAD TO TOUCH HIM, TO CONVINCE MYSELF THAT I WASN'T DREAMING! BUT AS I DID SO--

G-GOOD GOSH-- IT'S LIKE
SOME TYPE OF PUTTY CRUMBLING
AWAY-- AND THERE'S A
**THIRD EYE HIDDEN
UNDERNEATH IT!**



OH-HHH!
HE'S--
ALIVE!

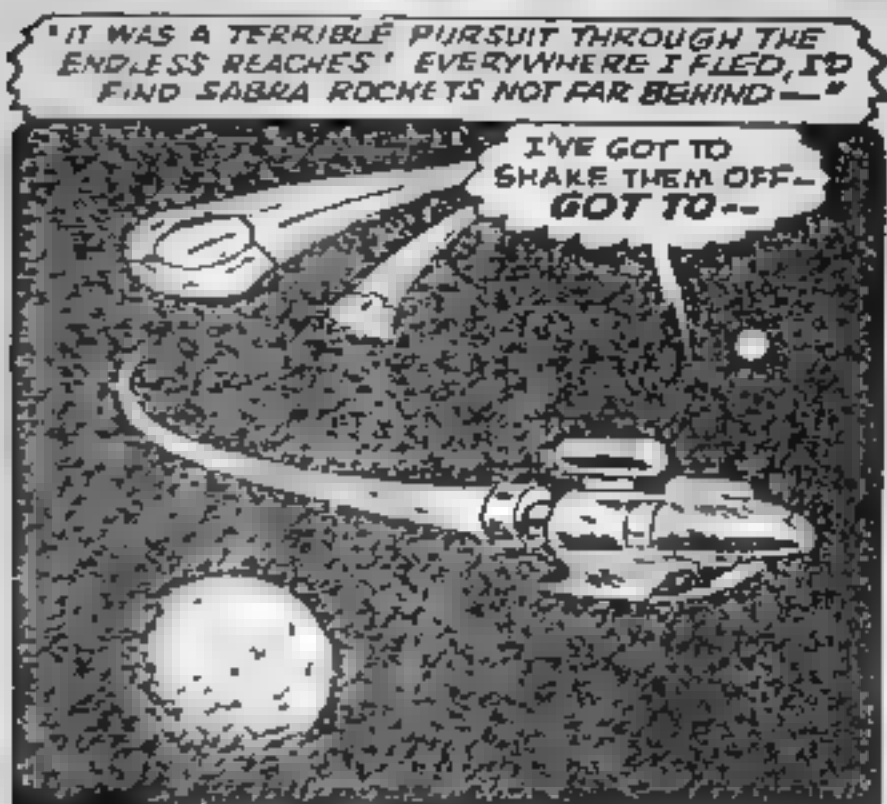
YES--AND THAT SEEMS
TO **FRIGHTEN**
YOU, DOESN'T IT?



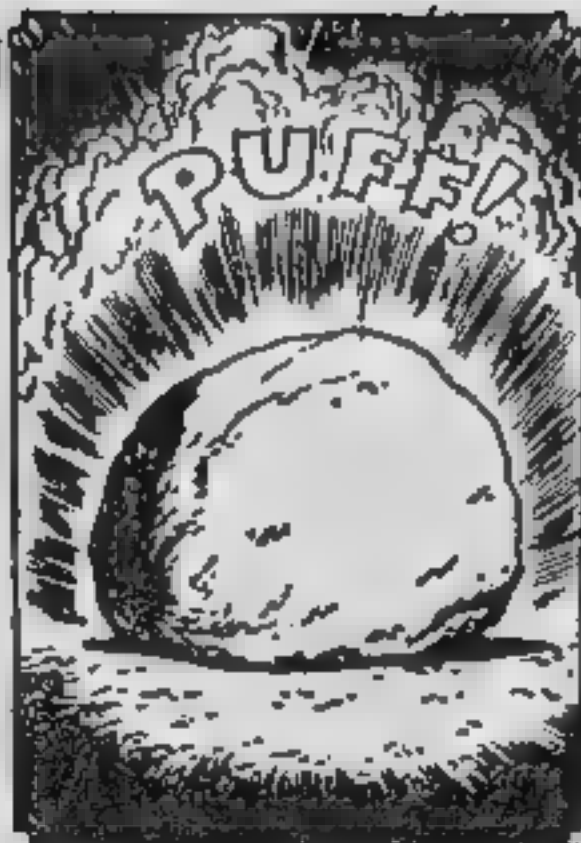
YOU'RE TREMBLING--
AFRAID THAT I'M SOME
SORT OF **GHOST!**
BUT I'M NOT--
NOTHING
LIKE IT!

BUT--BUT YOU WERE
IN THAT TOMB--SEALED
UP FOR THOUSANDS
OF YEARS!--





"AND BELOW — A LARGE ROCK SEEMED TO BE ACTING QUEERLY..."



"AND FROM THE SMOKE OF THE EXPLOSION THERE FLOATED A HUGE AMOEBA-SHAPED BEING... WITH THE THREE EYES WHICH MUST ALWAYS MARK A KREL-EPTYN, NO MATTER WHAT SHAPE HE MAY ASSUME! THIS WAS I AS I FELT WAS — BUT MY RACE CAN TRANSFORM ITSELF INTO ANY CREATURE, ANY OBJECT! AND NOW I WAS A PRISONER ON THE PLANET EARTH!"



"PERHAPS I COULDN'T LEAVE THIS STRANGE WORLD — BUT I WAS ABLE TO FLOAT SWIFTLY THROUGH THE AIR, SEE FOR MYSELF WHAT IT HAD TO OFFER! I SAW MANY SCENES OF MISERY —"

"BUT AT LAST, I SAW SOMETHING WHICH KINDLED MY FIERCE AMBITIONS! I CAME TO A LAND OF WEALTH AND BEAUTY — SAW A MONARCH OF POWER, BEFORE WHOM OTHERS BOWED — WHO COULD HAVE HIS EVERY WISH —"



"LATER, I WAS ABLE TO ENTER HIS BEDCHAMBER UNSEEN! PHARAOH TUPONEK LINGERED FOREVER BENEATH MY POWERS! THEN —"

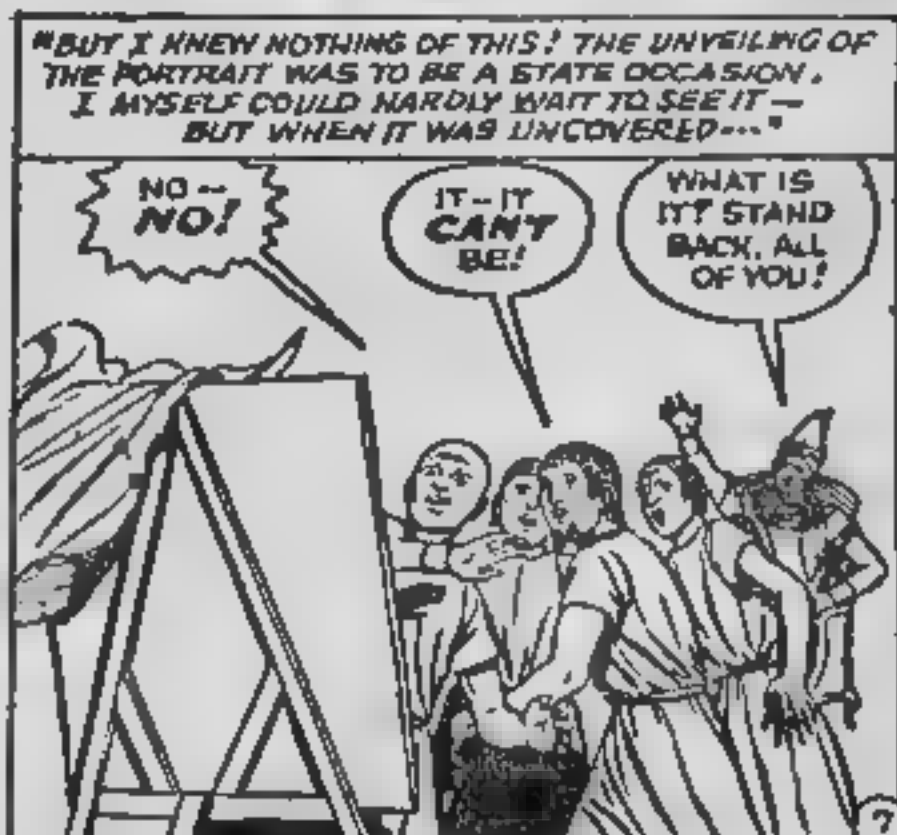
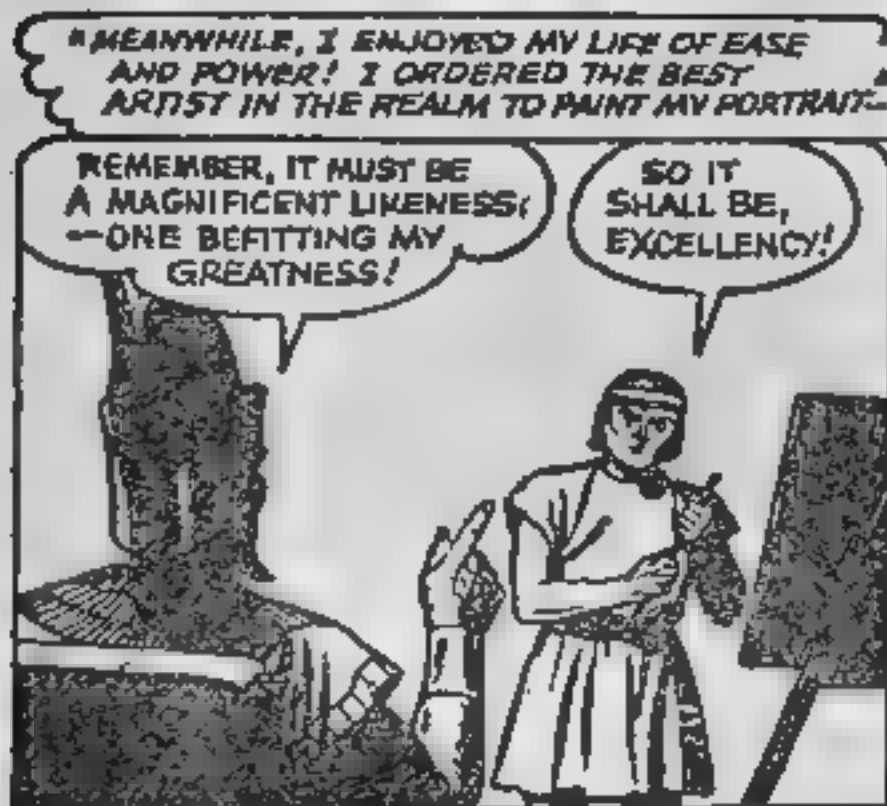
"DIDN'T I SAY THAT WE KREL-EPTYNS COULD ASSUME ANY SHAPE, TRANSFORM OURSELVES AS WE WISHED? THIS I DID — BUT THERE WAS NO WAY OF AVOIDING THAT TELLTALE THIRD EYE —"

"BUT I COULD COVER IT UP WITH A SUBSTANCE WHICH CLOSELY RESEMBLED HUMAN FLESH, AND NOW NOBODY COULD TELL ME FROM THE PHARAOH TUPONEK! MY FIRST OFFICIAL ACT WAS TO MAKE SURE OF MY POSITION — BY ORDERING ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS EXECUTED AT ONCE!"



"I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THE PHARAOH WAS ALWAYS SO KIND — WHY, ONLY YESTERDAY, HE PARDED ALL THESE MEN!"





HAVE -- HAVE THAT FALSE
MIDDLE EYE PAINTED OUT -- AND SEIZE
THE ROGUE WHO DID THIS! HE SHALL
DIE FOR HIS PRESUMPTION!

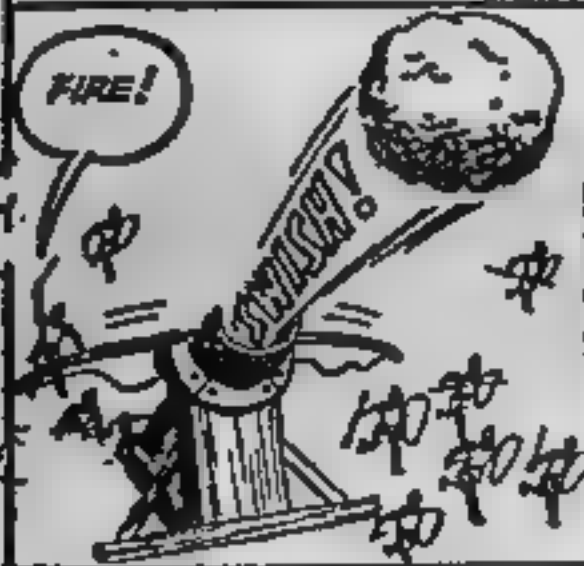


"BUT THE ARTIST WAS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR
MEN IN THE REALM, AND IT SEEMS THAT THIS
TIME, I HAD OVERSTEPPED THE BOUNDS!
ALL EGYPT HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR AN EXCUSE
TO REVOLT -- AND THIS WAS IT!"

TO THE PALACE!
DOWN WITH
TUPONEK!



"I COULD HAVE MARCHED THE
MOB EASILY -- IF MY OWN ARMY
HADN'T JOINED THE REVOLT!
I HAD ONLY THE PALACE GUARD,
AND IT WASN'T ENOUGH -- NOT
AGAINST THE ARMY'S
STRONG WEAPONS --"



"IT WAS A DIRECT HIT ON
THE THRONE ROOM --"



"AND WHEN THE INVADERS
ENTERED --"

THERE IS
NEITHER
BREATH NOR
HEARTBEAT!
TUPONEK
IS DEAD!

LET HIM BE
PREPARED FOR
THE TOMB -- AND
LET ALL EGYPT
REJOICE! THE
TYRANT IS
NO MORE!



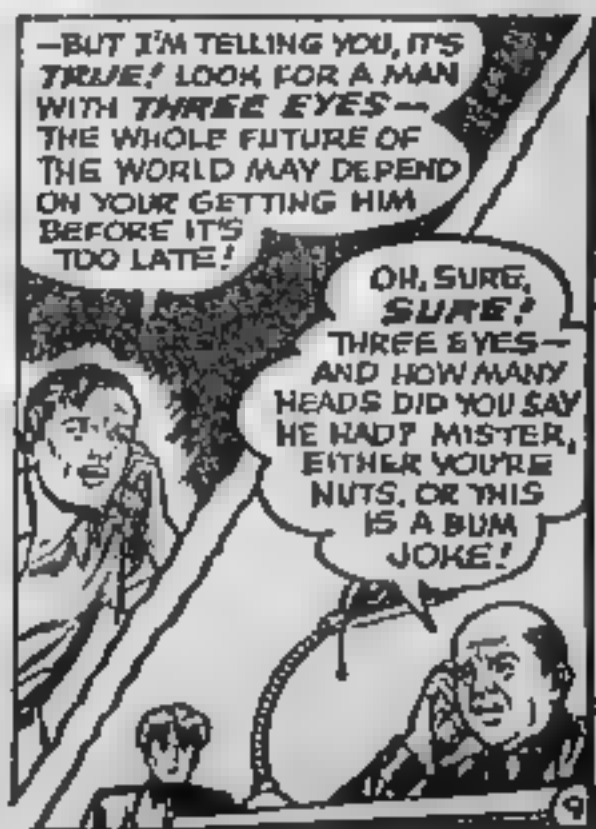
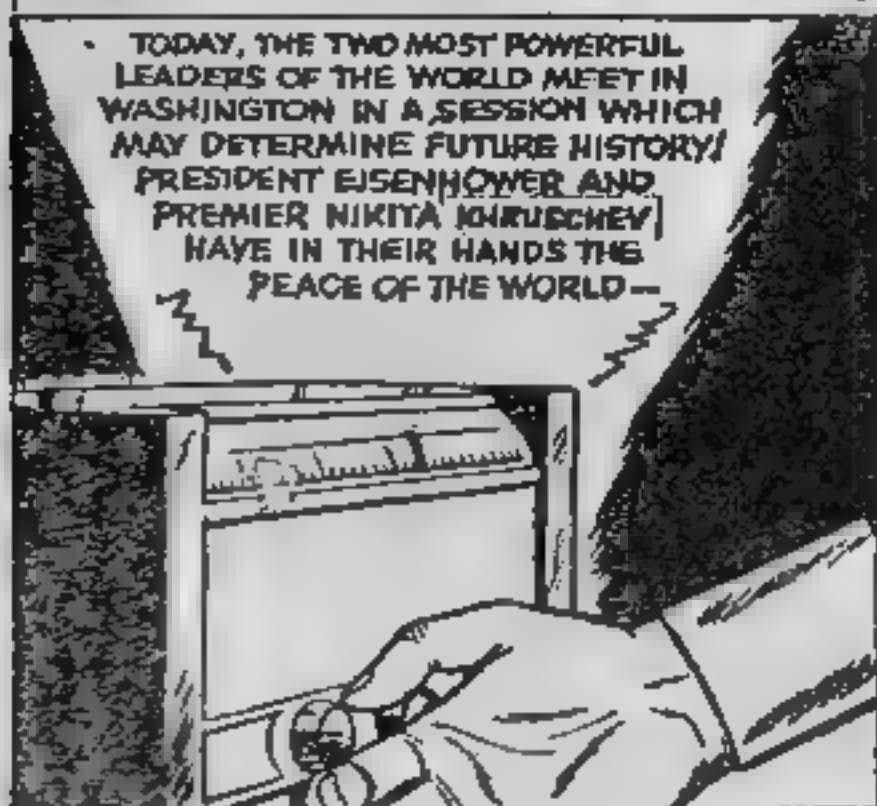
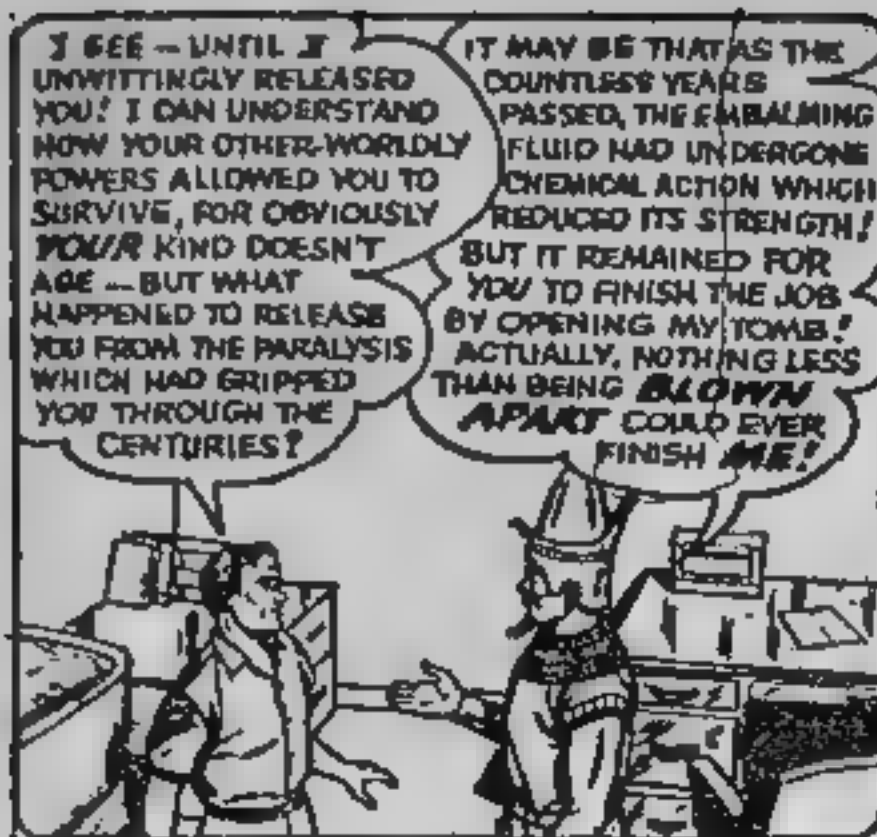
"STUPID MURDERS
-- THEY DIDN'T
KNOW THAT A
MURDERER
POSSESSES
NEITHER BREATH
NOR HEARTBEAT!
I WAS UNHURT --
MERELY
FEIGNING DEATH
UNTIL I COULD
ESCAPE! BUT
THERE WAS
SOMETHING
I HADN'T
COUNTED ON --
THE AMAZING
EMBALMING
SECRETS OF
THE EGYPTIANS!
AS MY SUBJECTS
FOLLOWED ME,
REJOICING,
TO THE
TOMB --"



THE FLUID THEY USED --
IT PARALYZED ME!
CAN'T MOVE -- ALL OF
MY POWERS
USELESS --

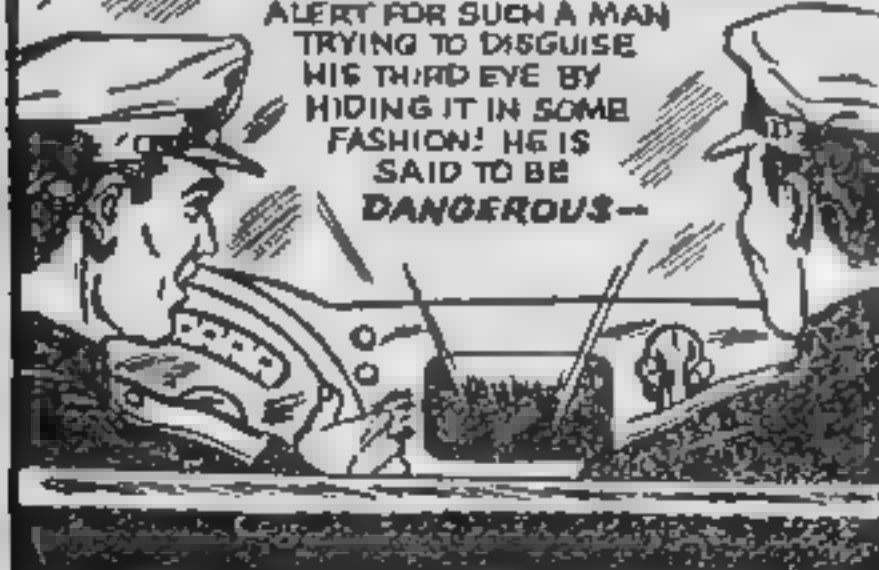
"THE CENTURES FLED FAST -- KINGDOMS ROSE
AND FELL -- THE SANDS OF THE DESERT
GRADUALLY COVERED MY TOMB -- AND STILL
I WAS A CAPTIVE, UNDYING BUT HELPLESS --"





BUT WHEN CALLS STARTED TO FLOOD INTO HEADQUARTERS FROM OTHER SOURCES, ALL REPORTING A MAN WITH THREE EYES, THE POLICE BESTIRRED THEMSELVES—

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR A THREE-EYED MAN, AND APPREHEND HIM! ALSO, KEEP ALERT FOR SUCH A MAN TRYING TO DISGUISE HIS THIRD EYE BY HIDING IT IN SOME FASHION! HE IS SAID TO BE DANGEROUS—



SHORTLY AFTERWARD—
AT THE RAILROAD
TERMINAL—

SAY, THAT FELLA WITH THE PLASTER— THAT COULD BE COVERING ANOTHER EYE IN THE MIDDLE—

HEY,
YOU!



HALT, OR
I'LL FIRE!



I'LL NEVER GET AWAY
THIS WAY NOW! I'VE
GOT TO CHANGE!

WHERE'D HE
GET TO,
ANYWAY?



PUFF!



SAY, DID YOU SEE A GUY
WEARING SOME PLASTER
BETWEEN HIS EYES
RUNNING PAST
HERE?

IS IT A
SIGN OF
HIM?



MINUTES LATER, ALEX, ACCOMPANIED BY THE CHIEF OF POLICE, ARRIVED AT THE TERMINAL—THE MOST LIKELY PLACE TO SEARCH FOR A FUGITIVE TRYING TO FLEE THE CITY—

WELL—ANY CLUES?

I HAD A GUY WITH A PLASTER ON HIS FACE WHO COULDA BEEN HIM CORNERED, BUT HE DISAPPEARED CLEAN! I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE COULDA GOT TO—A COP WITH BIG SUN-GLASSES SAID HE HADN'T SEEN HIM, EITHER!

FUNNY THING—I DON'T REMEMBER EVER SEEIN' THAT COP BEFORE! BUT I MADE SURE TO MEMORIZE HIS BADGE NUMBER—1427!

YOU IDIOT, THAT'S THE NUMBER ON YOUR SHIELD!

WAIT A SECOND! THOSE GLASSES HE WAS WEARING, OFFICER—DID THEY COVER THE AREA BETWEEN HIS EYES?



COME TO THINK OF IT—YES!

SURE—THEY WERE MASKING A **THIRD EYE!** THAT WAS OUR MAN, CHIEF—AND HE'S GOTTEN AWAY!

SHORTLY THEREAFTER—ON A ROAD SOME MILES AWAY—

LOOKS LIKE A HITCHHIKER! I'LL GIVE HIM A LIFT—



GOOD HEAVENS—THREE EYES!



MOMENTS LATER, CAME A FRENZIED MESSAGE—

THAT WAS A LEAD! WOMAN CLAIMS A THREE-EYED MAN PUSHED HER OUT OF HER CAR AND TOOK OFF! THE ROAD DOESN'T LEAD ANYWHERE SPECIAL, THOUGH—JUST TO CAPE CANAVERAL!

CAPE CANAVERAL! OH, NO—WE CAN'T LET HIM GET **THERE!**

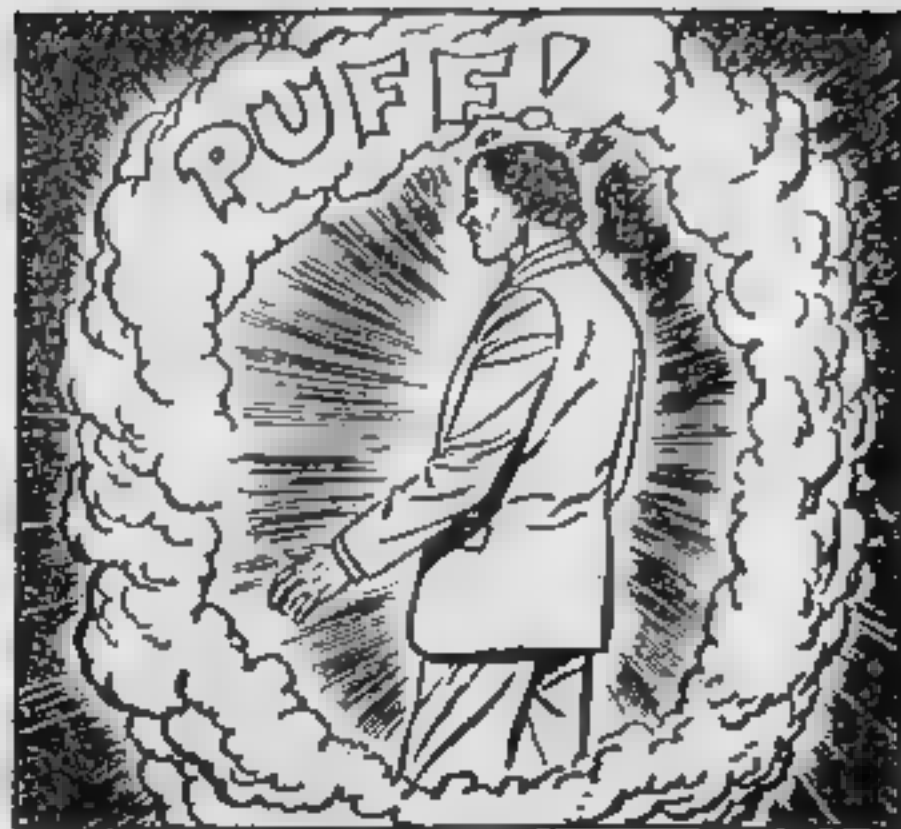
WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT CAPE CANAVERAL THAT HE SHOULDN'T HEAD THAT WAY?

WHEN YOU HEAR THE FULL STORY, YOU'LL KNOW! MEANWHILE CAN'T THIS CRATE GO ANY **FASTER!**



CAPE CANAVERAL — THE ZOOLOGICAL SECTION —

THIS IS THE RIGHT
PLACE — LUCKY THERE'S
NOBODY AROUND!



MEANWHILE, ON A NEARBY
LAUNCHING PAD —

SHE'S JUST ABOUT SET!
TAKE IT ON THE DOUBLE
OVER TO THE SMALL
ANIMAL ROOM,
CASEY, AND BRING
BACK THAT
MONKEY!

THE
PASSENGER,
HUH?
YESSIR!

C'MON, JOCKO — YOU'RE
GOIN' FOR A NICE,
LONG RIDE!

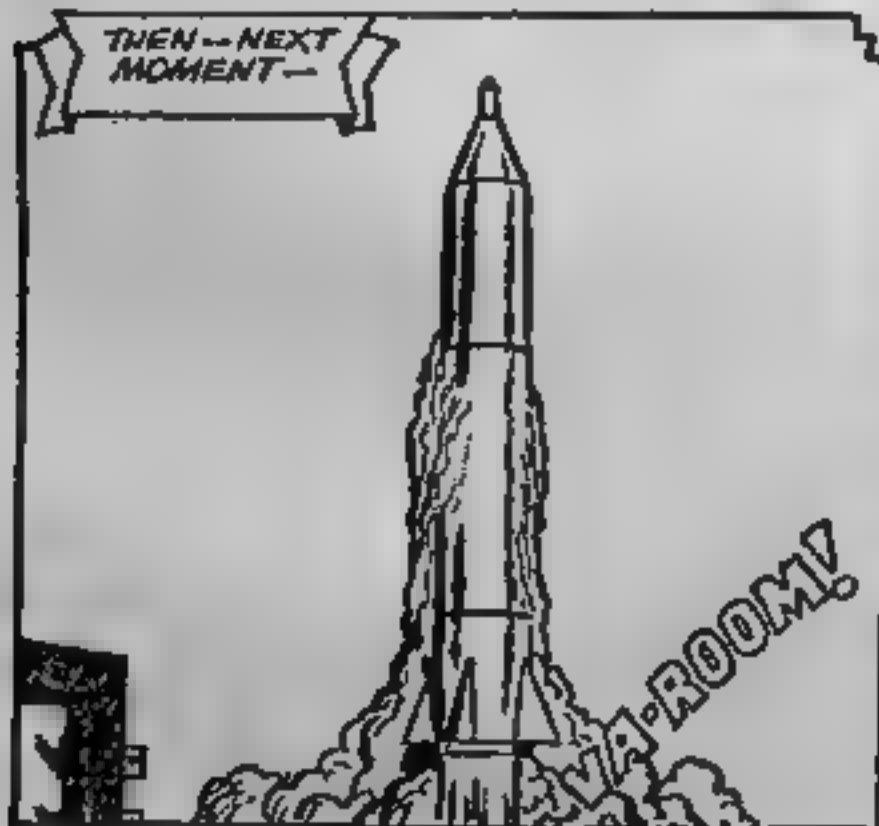


WE'RE JUST
ABOUT THERE!
SEE THAT
ROCKET?

THANK HEAVENS
IT'S STILL THERE!
IT MEANS WE'VE
STILL GOT
A CHANCE!



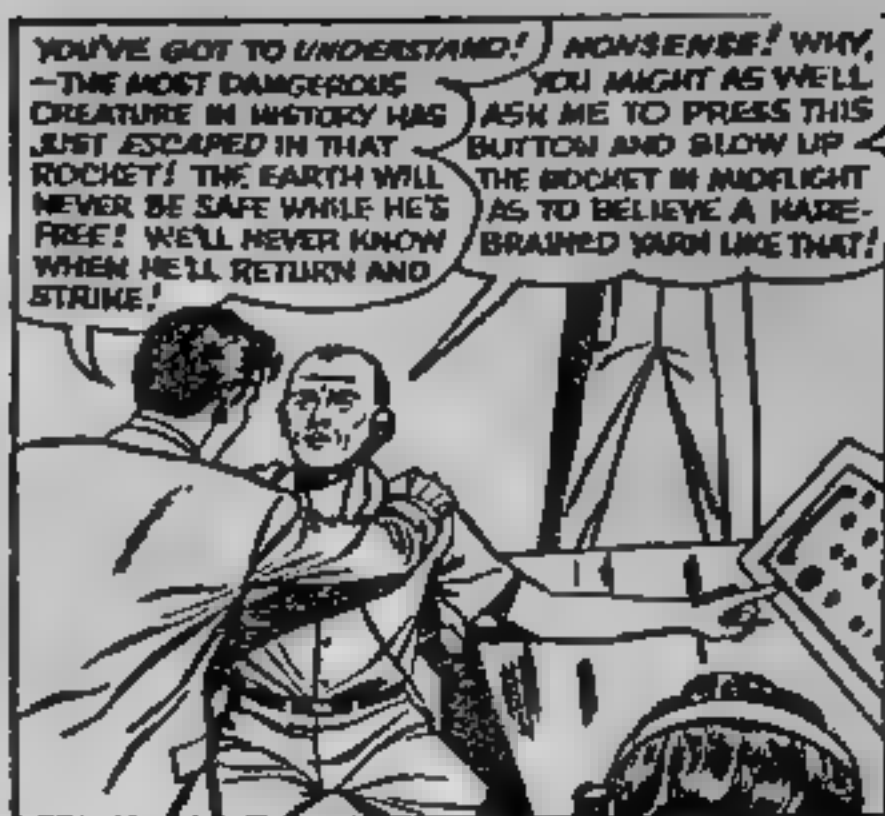
THEN — NEXT
MOMENT —



THERE SHE
GOES! SHE
BLASTED
OFF!

WE'RE TOO LATE! QUICK —
LET'S GET TO THE
CONTROL BUNKER!
MAYBE —





DOWN, DOWN HE PLUNGED--DRAGGED INTO THE UNPLUMBED DEPTHS OF THE SEA BY THE TITANIC FORCE OF A GIANT WHIRLPOOL! BUT EVEN AS ERIC HOLM SAW THE GRIM VISAGE OF DEATH HE UNCOVERED THE INCREDIBLE SECRET OF...

The MAELSTROM!



STORY:
PIERCE RAND
ART:
JOHN R.

ON THE VILLAGE WHARF AT TRUNDHEIM, HELGA PLEADED VAINLY WITH ERIC, HER BETROTHED--

ERIC, THERE ARE ONLY TWO DAYS LEFT UNTIL OUR WEDDING! YOU MUST NOT GO ON THIS VOYAGE... I **KNOW** SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN! I **FEEL** IT!

COME NOW, HELGA! IT'S NOT ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR **PREMONITIONS** AGAIN!

THE VILLAGERS WATCHED WITH ANXIOUS EYES, FOR HELGA AND ERIC HAD BEEN CHILDHOOD SWEETHEARTS...

IT WAS A **DREAM**...

ERIC! I SAW THREE RAVENS FOLLOWING IN THE WAKE OF YOUR BOAT! THREE RAVENS... A SIGN OF **DEATH**!

YOU MEAN A SIGN OF THREE HUNGRY SCAVENGERS LOOKING FOR A MEAL OF FISH HEADS!

ERIC, DON'T MAKE SPORT OF ME! AT LEAST, TAKE THIS **SILVER AMULET** WITH YOU--IT'S A GOOD LUCK CHARM THAT'S BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS!

VERY WELL, MY LITTLE HELGA! I'LL TAKE IT, IF ONLY TO CALM YOUR FEARS!



AS HELGA LEFT IN TEARS, THE OLDER FISHERMEN SURROUNDED ERIC—

ERIC, YOU'RE A FOOL NOT TO TAKE THAT GIRL'S WARNING! EVERYONE KNOWS SHE HAS THE GIFT OF SECOND SIGHT!

AYE, IT'S TRUE! HELGA COMES FROM A STRANGE BROOD—ALL THE WOMEN OF HER FAMILY WERE SPAE-WIVES!

SPA-E-WIVES, INDEED! DON'T TELL ME YOU MEN BELIEVE IN THOSE OLD GRANDMOTHER TALES!

YOU MAY CALL THEM TALES, BUT THE OLD VIKINGS ALL HAD SPAE-WIVES ON THEIR SHIPS—WOMEN WITH THE GIFT OF PROPHECY, WHO COULD GUIDE A SHIP THROUGH FOG AND STORM! AND CALL UP GOOD WIND AND WEATHER!



ERIC HAD ALWAYS SCORNEED THE STRANGE BELIEFS OF HIS PEOPLE! EVEN AS HE HEADED DOWN THE FJORD AND OUT TO SEA, HE RIDICULED THE OLD SUPERSTITIONS—

BUT AS ERIC HOLM HEADED OUTWARD—

YOU CAN KEEP YOUR SPAE-WIVES! A SOUND VESSEL AND A STRONG HAND AT THE WHEEL—THAT'S ALL IT TAKES TO BRING A MAN HOME SAFELY FROM THE SEA!

LOOK THERE! THREE RAVENS—FOLLOWING THE WAKE OF ERIC'S BOAT!

THE SIGN OF DEATH THAT HELGA FORETOLD! MAY HEAVEN PROTECT HIM!



UNWARE OF THE WEIRD PORTENT OF EVIL THAT FOLLOWED HIM, ERIC DREAMED OF THE FUTURE—

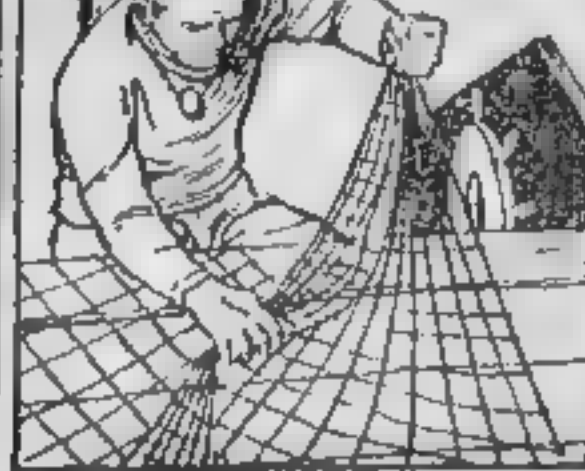
BUT FROM THE START OF THE VOYAGE, LUCK WAS POOR—

TIME WAS RUNNING SHORT—SOON HE WOULD HAVE TO HEAD FOR HOME! ERIC DECIDED TO TAKE ONE LAST GAMBLE—

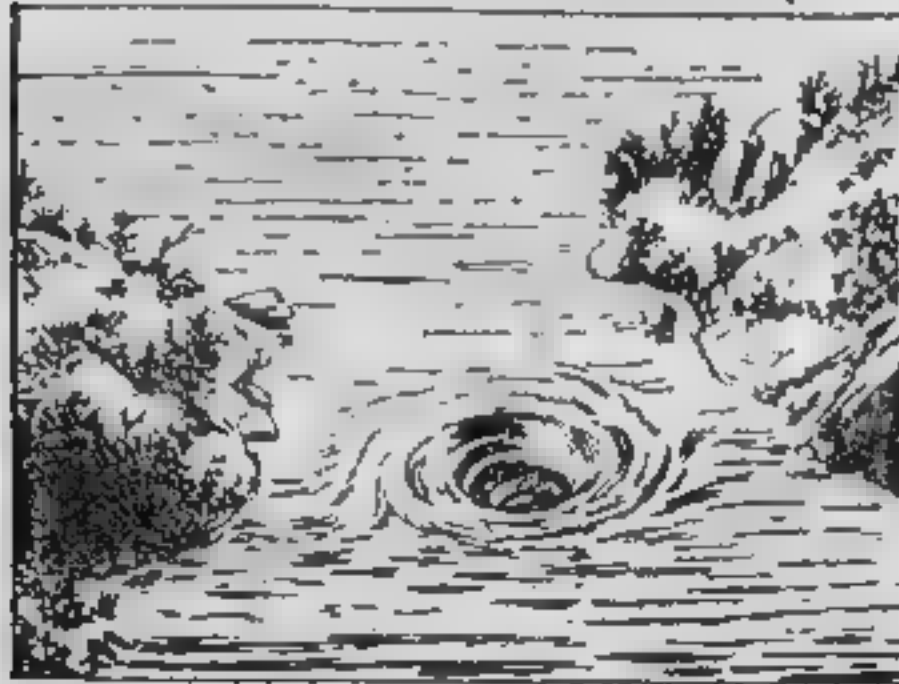
ONE GOOD CATCH AND THEN I'LL RETURN HOME TO HELGA! —AFTER WE'RE MARRIED I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE CHILDISH SUPERSTITIONS OF MINE!

ANOTHER WORTHLESS HAUL! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE ON TO SOME OTHER FISHING GROUNDS!

THERE'S ONE GOOD SPOT I'VE HEARD OF—THE CHANNEL BETWEEN THE DARK ISLANDS! IT SWARMS WITH FISH—BUT NO ONE EVER CASTS A NET THERE, BECAUSE THEY SAY IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!



NO NO FISHERMAN DARED APPROACH THAT CHANNEL, FOR HERE THE SWIFT TIDES AND SURGING WATERS HAD BRED THE MOST FEARFUL PHENOMENON OF THE SEAS—A GIANT WHIRLPOOL CALLED THE **MAELSTROM!**

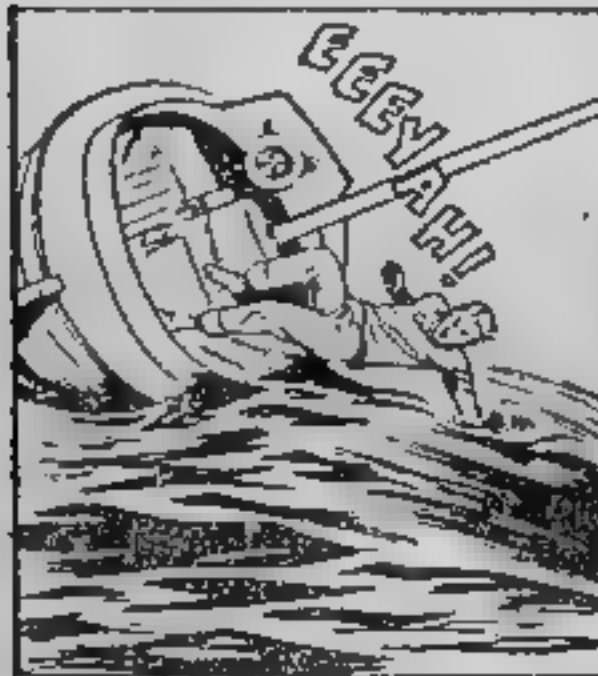


A HUNDRED SHIPS HAD BEEN DRAGGED DOWN INTO THE GAPING MAW OF THAT MONSTROUS WHIRLPOOL! BUT THE DARING YOUNG ERIC FISHED ITS BORDERS UNAFRAID—



NOW WHAT WOULD THOSE SUPERSTITIOUS OLD FOOLS BACK AT TRUNDHEIM SAY IF THEY COULD SEE ME FISHING AT THE EDGE OF THE **MAELSTROM?**

AND THEN SUDDENLY, ALMOST BEFORE HE KNEW IT, THE SWIRLING WATER HAD TRAPPED ERIC'S VESSEL!



AS HE WAS DRAGGED DOWNWARD, HE CLUTCHED THE AMULET AT HIS THROAT—HIS LAST EARTHLY THOUGHTS WERE OF THE GIRL HE LOVED—



AND THEN SUDDENLY INCREDIBLY, HE FELT HIMSELF LIFTED, BORNE UPWARD, AS IF BY AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE—



IN THAT MAD, FEARFUL WORLD OF GREEN DEATH, ERIC OPENED HIS EYES AND—



HELGA? BUT HOW?

AYE, YES, **HELGA!** WHO ELSE WOULD DARE RISK LIFE ITSELF IN THE **MAELSTROM?**

HIS BRAIN STILL SPINNING, HE WAS VAGUELY AWARE THAT SHE WAS DRAGGING HIM TOWARD A STRANGE CRAFT IN SHELTERED WATER NEARBY—



BUT A MOMENT, ERIC MY DEAR ONE, AND I'LL HAVE YOU ABOARD YOUR SHIP!

A VIKING VESSEL! AND SHE CALLS IT MY SHIP! WHAT MADNESS IS THIS?

PUTTLED ERIC ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE HAULED ABOARD THE VIKING SHIP! AND THEN SUDDENLY HE REELED BACKWARD, HIS MIND NUMBED AT WHAT HE SAW--

ERIC! WHEN YOU FELL OVERBOARD INTO THE MAELSTROM, WE THOUGHT WE HAD LOST OUR LEADER!

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! THESE PEOPLE ALL AROUND ME--THEY'RE DRESSED IN VIKING GARMENTS--AND SO AM I!



AS THEY GREETED HIM EFFUSIVELY, HE TRIED TO MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL--

IF NOT FOR HELGA HERE, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN GONE! ONLY SHE HAD THE COURAGE TO PLUNGE INTO THE MAELSTROM TO RESCUE YOU!

I WAS GLAD TO RISK MY LIFE FOR THE MAN I LOVE!



SUDDENLY, ERIC'S CONFUSION BEGAN TO FADE! SOMEHOW, THERE WAS A REALITY ABOUT ALL THIS--A REALITY THAT HE HAD LIVED THROUGH ONCE-- IN ANOTHER TIME AND ANOTHER PLACE--

NO, IT'S NOT A DREAM! SOMEHOW I'VE CROSSED SOME HIDDEN THRESHOLD IN TIME! AND NOW I'M LIVING IN THE DAYS OF THE VIKINGS!



YES, BY SOME UNFATHOMABLE INTUITION, ERIC KNEW THAT HE BELONGED HERE IN THIS VANISHED TIME--A VIKING AMONG VIKINGS--

YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO HELGA WHEN SHE WARNED YOU NOT TO SAIL BETWEEN THE DARK ISLANDS! OF WHAT USE IS IT TO HAVE A SPAE-WIFE ABOARD IF YOU WILL NOT LISTEN TO HER?

SPAE-WIFE? HELGA?



ABRUPTLY, HIS OLD IMPATIENCE WITH SUPERSTITIONS ROSE TO THE SURFACE--

SPARE ME YOUR CHILDISH TALK OF SPAE-WIVES! WE ARE NORSEMEN, BORN TO THE SEA--AND WE NEED NO SORCERESS TO GUIDE AND ADVISE US!

AYE, ERIC, YOU NEVER DID BELIEVE IN HELGA'S POWERS! BUT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER FOR US IF YOU HAD LISTENED TO HER!



EVER SINCE WE BEGAN THIS VOYAGE, WE'VE HAD NOTHING BUT BAD LUCK, STORMS, FOG AND ILL WINDS--AND ALL BECAUSE YOU WILL NOT LISTEN TO HELGA!

ENOUGH OF THIS BABBLING OF BAD LUCK AND SORCERY! GO BACK TO YOUR OARS! OUR VOYAGE IS NOT YET OVER--OUR LUCK WILL TURN!



HE WAS THE LEADER ABOARD THIS VIKING CRAFT-- HE COULD TELL THIS BY THE WAY THE OTHERS TOOK HIS ORDERS! BUT STANDING AT THE HELM, HE WAS PUZZLED ABOUT WHICH WAY TO GUIDE THE SHIP--AND THEN HELGA WAS AT HIS SIDE--

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, AS HELGA GUIDED THE SHIP, THE VIKING EXPEDITION KNEW A SWIFT CHANGE OF FORTUNE! TIME AND AGAIN SHE GUIDED THEM SAFELY THROUGH STORM AND MIST--



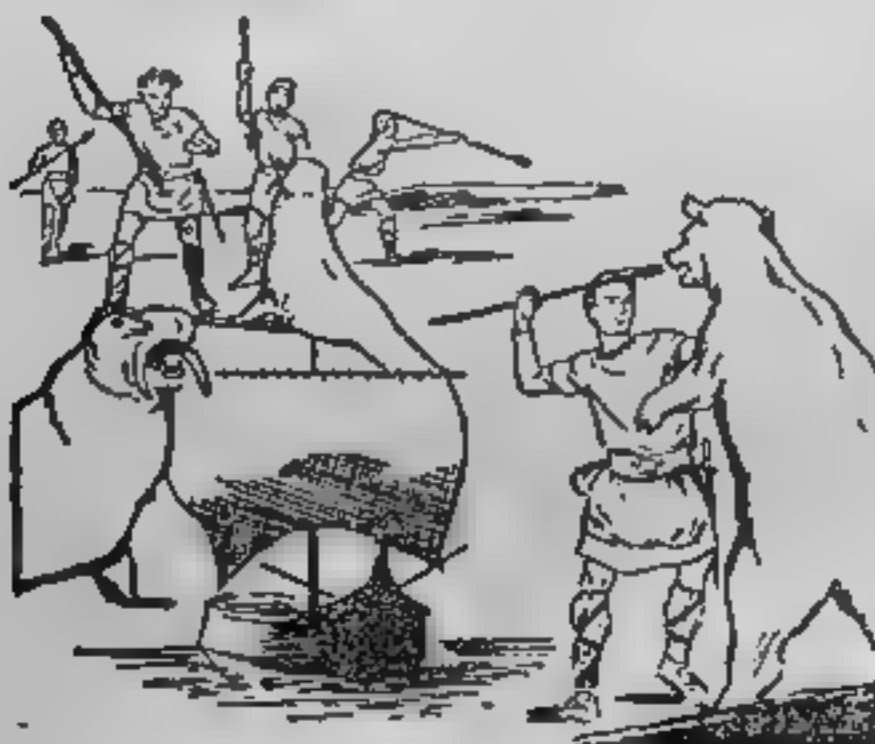
ERIC, IF YOU WOULD BUT LISTEN TO ME-- IF YOU WOULD ONLY BE GUIDED BY MY POWERS!

VERY WELL, HELGA, I'LL TRY YOUR WAY-- FOR A FEW DAYS, ANYHOW! AFTER ALL, YOUR POWERS **DID** SAVE ME FROM THE MAELSTROM!



...AND LED THEM STRAIGHT TO VALUABLE HUNTING!

AND WHEN AT LAST THE VOYAGE WAS OVER--



AVE MY FAIR SPAE-WIFE YOU ARE INDEED A SORCERESS! FOR WITH YOUR STRANGE POWERS, YOU HAVE ENCHANTED MY HEART!

OH, ERIC--

THEY PLANNED TO WED! BUT A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE MARRIAGE FEAST, HE KNEW A STRANGE URGE TO GO TO SEA ONCE MORE--

IN SPITE OF HER TEARFUL PLEAS, HE WAS OBSTINATE! THEN, AT LAST--

BUT AS THE VIKING SHIP SET SAIL, ERIC FELT AN OLD, HALF-FORGOTTEN MEMORY STIR--

ERIC, NO! YOU MUST NOT SAIL ON THIS VOYAGE! LAST NIGHT, I HAD A DREAM--A WARNING OF DANGER--

AT LEAST WEAR THIS **GOLDEN AMULET** ABOUT YOUR NECK! IT WILL BRING YOU SAFETY IN TIME OF DANGER!

THIS AMULET--IT SEEMS TO ME I HAVE SEEN SOMETHING LIKE THIS **BEFORE**--

ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR PROPHETIC VISIONS, MY DEAREST HELGA? DO NOT FEAR! I WILL BE BACK BY THE WEEK'S END WITH MY SHIP CARRYING ENOUGH FURS AND IVORY TO FURNISH THE GREAT HALL I WILL BUILD FOR YOU!

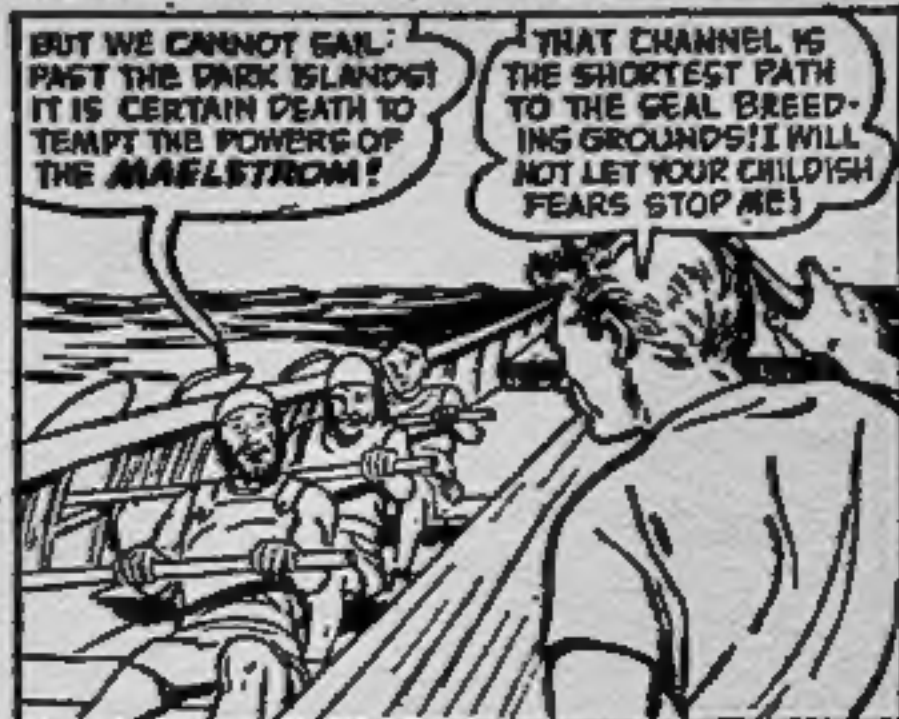
VERY WELL, HELGA, IF IT PLEASES YOU I WILL WEAR IT!



BUT FROM THE VERY BEGINNING, THE VOYAGE WAS UNLUCKY! AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE SHIP WAS CAUGHT IN DENSE FOG! SOMEHOW, THE PLENTIFUL HERDS OF SEAL AND WALRUS DIMINISHED AS HIS VESSEL APPROACHED—



AS THE DAYS PASSED, ERIC TOOK EVER GREATER RISKS IN HIS HUNT! HIS OARSMEN GREW FEARFUL—



BUT AS THE SHIP SKIRTED THE WHIRLPOOL, THE MIGHTY FORCE OF THE CURRENTS GRIPPED HER FAST—



ERIC CLUNG TO THE HELM, BUT THE AWFUL POWER OF THE WHIRLING SEA WAS TOO MUCH! SUDDENLY, THE STEERING OAR WAS TORN FROM HIS HANDS, AND—



HE PLUNGED DOWNWARD, SEIZING THE AMULET AT HIS THROAT—



YES, SOMEHOW IN THAT MOMENT OF AWFUL DANGER, SOME STRANGE INSTINCT, SOME OBSCURE MEMORY MADE HIM CALL UPON THE POWERS OF THE ONE HE LOVED—



AND THEN SUDDENLY, INCREDIBLY, HIS DESCENT WAS HALTED! AND ABRUPTLY, ERIC FELT HIMSELF RISING TOWARD THE SURFACE AS IF BY AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE!



NOT UNTIL HE REACHED THE SURFACE WAS HE AWARE OF THE LITHE FIGURE AT HIS SIDE...



HELGA! WHERE DID SHE COME FROM? HOW COULD SHE HAVE SAVED ME?

MOMENTS LATER, HE WAS LIFTED FROM THE SEA AND ONTO A DECK! BUT NOW, INCREDIBLY, IT WAS NO LONGER THE DECK OF THE VIKING SHIP HE HAD KNOWN...



ERIC! OH, ERIC! THANK HEAVENS HE'S BREATHING!

IT WAS THEN THAT AWARENESS SWEEPED OVER ERIC! SOMEHOW NOW HE WAS BACK IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—



HELGA, MY BELOVED... I CALLED AND YOU CAME! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I HAD A PREMONITION... A WARNING OF DANGER—REMEMBER? WE FOLLOWED YOU... AND ARRIVED IN TIME TO SAVE YOU FROM THE MAELSTROM!

THREE RAVENS... WE SAW THEM FOLLOWING YOUR CRAFT, ERIC! JUST AS HELGA HAD DREAMED!

YOU LAUGHED AT HER WARNING, BUT WE OLD ONES... WE KNEW BETTER THAN TO SCORN THE SIGNS AND OMENS!



YES, ERIC HAD LAUGHED ONCE, BUT NOW HE LAUGHED NO MORE...



HELGA, DOWN THERE IN THE MAELSTROM, IN THOSE DREADFUL MOMENTS, I TOO HAD A DREAM! I WAS LIVING IN THE WORLD OF THE PAST! YOU WERE THERE WITH ME, AND YOU GAVE ME THIS AMULET FOR GOOD LUCK!

ERIC, THAT WAS MORE THAN A DREAM!

THE AMULET I GAVE YOU WAS MADE OF SILVER! THIS ONE IS GOLD!

I... I GUESS THERE ARE MYSTERIES IN THIS WORLD WE CAN NEVER HOPE TO UNDERSTAND!



THAT OTHER ERIC AND HIS HELGA—I KNOW NOW THAT THEY FOUND THEIR HAPPINESS AT LAST!

AS WE WILL, MY DEAREST ONE!



MYSTERIES of NATURE!

A MUSEUM CURATOR AND HIS ASSISTANT WERE VACATIONING IN THE WEST...

PROBABLY SOME KIND OF FAKE, BUT IT MIGHT BE FUN! LET'S SEE IT!



IT WAS A STRANGE AND FRIGHTENING SIGHT---

WELL, YOU CAN SEE IT FOR YOURSELF! YOU TWO ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO'VE STOPPED ALL DAY---

GOOD HEAVENS, IT IS QUITE A THING---AND IT LOOKS BURNED REAL, TOO!



WHAT THE---I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE ANY VOLCANOES IN THIS AREA, BUT THERE **MUST** HAVE BEEN---BACK IN PREHISTORIC TIMES! THIS ISN'T REGULAR STONE, IT'S **LAVA!**



LISTEN, YOU'RE NOT DOING MUCH BUSINESS ANYWAY. I JUST WANT TO CHISEL AWAY A BIT OF THAT LAVA! IT WON'T HURT YOUR ATTRACTION---AND IF I FIND WHAT I THINK I MAY, YOU STAND TO MAKE A LOT OF MONEY! HOW ABOUT IT?

GO AHEAD! WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE?



BENEATH THE LAYERS OF LAVA, THERE APPEARED---

I THOUGHT SO--- A LEG BONE!



IT MADE A SENSATIONAL EXHIBIT---



--- A TYPE OF DINOSAUR NEVER BEFORE DISCOVERED!

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